

Books of Terror

Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



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Having worked primarily in radio broadcasting, Marilynn Hughes spent several years as a news reporter, producer and anchor before deciding to stay at home with her three children. She's experienced, researched, written, and taught about out-of-body travel since 1987.

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Issue Nine – Bahai Mystical Theology, Conversations with Bahaullah

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Beware

The purpose of this journey is not to present a well balanced view of humanity, but to take you directly into the heart of only one aspect - the evil within. We make no apologies for this, as this is its sole purpose; to allow mankind to see that which lurks beneath hidden sin and thereby give everyone who dares to enter into these gates a second chance. What is this second chance? To see what sin looks like in its truth and allow another choice before it's too late for the remedy.

"The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Joseph Conrad: Under Western Eyes, Part II [12,000
Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)

Spiritual Warfare Rhema Scroll

It is written

^{Eph 6:10-18} I do not battle against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual host of wickedness in heavenly realms. So I will take my stand and put on the Full Armor of God.

^{Romans 12:21} I will not be overcome by evil, but will overcome evil with good

^{Luke 10:19} for I have been given power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy. ^{Isaiah 54:17} And no weapon formed against me shall prosper. ^{Romans 16:20} And my God will crush Satan under my feet.

^{Romans 8:37} I am more than a conqueror, through Him who loved me ^{Joshua 1:9} So I will be strong and courageous, never terrified never discouraged, because my God is with me. ^{Psalms 91:5} I will not fear the terror of night, nor the arrow that flies by day. ^{Psalms 119:114} because my God is my shield and my refuge.

^{Mark 16:17} and in the name of Jesus I will drive out demons. ^{Lev 26:8} Five of us shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of us shall put ten thousand to flight, and our enemies shall fall by the sword before us. ^{Deut 28:7} When my enemies come against me one way, they shall flee before me seven ways. ^{Ester 9:1} And on the day my enemies hope to overpower me, the opposite will occur and I will overpower them. ^{1 John 4:4} for He who is in me, is greater than he who is in the world. ^{1 Cor 15:57} Thanks be to God, who give me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ. ^{Luke 20:43} God will make His enemies a footstool for his feet. ^{Mal 4:3} and the wicked shall be ashes under the soles of my feet

^{1 John 5:4} for whoever is born of God overcomes the world. ^{2 Cor 2:11} so no advantage will be gained over me by Satan; for I am not ignorant of his schemes. ^{Eph 4:27} I will not give the devil a foothold. ^{2 Cor 10:3-5} The weapons I fight with are not carnal, but powerful in demolishing strongholds so I will take captive every thought and make it obedient unto Christ. ^{1 Sam 17:47} The battle belongs to the Lord. ^{Heb 13:5} and my God will not leave me nor forsake me

^{Romans 8:31} so if God is for me who can be against me ^{Prov 21:31} surely Victory rests with the Lord. In Jesus Name, **It is Finished**

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INTRODUCTION

PREPARATION FOR THE BOOKS OF TERROR

"If you are to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness."

Marilynn Hughes

Marilynn's Vision:

It was an ordinary night, but one which would remain etched in my memory as a dim recollection of that which was to come.

The Blessed Virgin Mary was portrayed in my view as if in statuesque form. But her arms, head and upper body were flailing backwards in pain as seven swords pierced her heart. Her eyes looked off into the distance with pain and almost a sense of shock. It was the look you see on the face of a dying man, the moment they realize that death has come to them and there is nothing they can do.

But in the case of the Blessed Virgin, she was in shock about the state of humanity and she was pierced by the seven swords which represented the

seven deadly sins.

Although it is a common symbol of the Blessed Virgin Mary to be pierced by Seven Swords, which represent the Seven Dolor's or Sorrows of Mary, I knew interiorly these seven swords at present were symbolic of those seven deadly sins. The Seven Dolor's of Mary include 1.) The Prophecy of Simeon, 2.) The Flight into Egypt, 3.) The Loss of the Child Jesus, 4.) The Meeting of Jesus and Mary on the Way of the Cross, 5.) The Crucifixion, 6.) Jesus Body Struck by a Lance and Taken down from the Cross and 7.) The Burial of Jesus.

But the Seven Deadly Sins included Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice and all the disorders which branch off of these vices.



Noticing my presence for just a moment, the Blessed Virgin pointed to a pile of old books that were stacked neatly next to her. They were the writings of St. Francis of Assisi and they were profoundly important and holy.

In my heart, I couldn't help but think why St. Francis of Assisi would be so important in this journey for which we were about to embark. But then it dawned on me. St. Francis was a horrific sinner in his youth, much like the world of today. But God touched his life and made him into one of the greatest saints of all time. Few know his story, so allow me to begin by telling you how his life began. We will leave how his life ended for a later moment. As is related by Thomas of Celano, one of St. Francis of Assisi's earliest biographers (From St. Francis, The Saint - Early Documents, 3 Volumes, Edited by Regis J. Armstrong, O.F.M., Cap. J.A. Wayne Hellmann, O.F.M, Conv., William J. Short, O.F.M.):

"In the city of Assisi, which is located in the confines of the Spoleto valley, there was a man named Francis. From the earliest years of his life his parents reared him to arrogance in accordance with the vanity of the age. And by long imitating their worthless life and character he himself was made more vain and arrogant."

Thomas of Celano continues by talking about the times in which Francis was raised and how the youth were almost guaranteed to be born into sin and misery by the nature of their upbringing:

"But even when the children advance a little more in

age, they always fall into more ruinous actions by their own choice . . . But when they begin to enter the gates of adolescence, what sort of individuals do you imagine they become? Then, without question, flowing on the tide of every kind of debauchery, since they are permitted to fulfill everything they desire, they surrender themselves with all their energy to the service of outrageous conduct. For having become slaves of sin by a voluntary servitude, all the members of their body display the weapons of iniquity, and displaying nothing of the Christian religion in their own lives and conduct, they content themselves with just the name of Christian. These wretched people generally pretend that they have done more wicked things than they actually have, so that they do not appear despicable by seeming innocent."

And finally, Thomas of Celano, one of St. Francis of Assisi's closest confidante's, friends and defenders of his sainthood and sanctity throughout his life and beyond his death, had this to say about St. Francis of Assisi during his youth and early adulthood:

"This is the wretched early training in which that man whom we today venerate as a saint - for he truly is a saint - passed his time from childhood and miserably squandered his time almost up to the twenty fifth year of his life. Maliciously advancing beyond all of his peers in vanities, he proved himself a more excessive inciter of evil and a zealous imitator of foolishness. He was an object of admiration to all, and he endeavored to surpass others in his flamboyant display of vain accomplishments: wit, curiosity,

practical jokes and foolish talk, songs, and soft and flowing garments."

For this reason, I believed, the Blessed Virgin had showed me the books written by St. Francis of Assisi. Because the journey upon which we are about to partake is one of deep and grievous seriousness. But the life of St. Francis shows us that no matter how deep the sin, the mercy of God is deeper still.

As you read through the pages of what is to come, you must remember that this truth of St. Francis of Assisi's life was not the final word from God on how this soul would live.

Again in the words of Thomas of Celano:

"Then the Lord looked down from the heavens and for the sake of His own name He removed His own anger far from him, and for His own glory He bridled Francis's mouth so that he would not perish completely. The hand of the Lord was upon him, a change of the right hand of the Most High, that through him the Lord might give sinners confidence in a new life of grace; and that of conversion to God he might be an example."

St. Francis of Assisi would eventually give up the world, followed by a stringent life of poverty, love of God and a hatred for sin. In the end, he received the first known stigmata of Our Lord while praying on a mountain, the wounds of Christ, wherein he was pierced by a seraph in his two hands, his two feet and in his side.

But the story of how this came to be is quite

unknown to modern man. Not because it is unavailable, but because of lack of interest.

Suddenly, my soul was soaring through time and space and I was taken to a random Catholic Church. Shocked by what I saw, I was immediately placed in the vicinity of a Director of Religious Education who was speaking to another person insisting that the seven deadly sins (Gluttony, Lust, Greed, Pride, Sloth, Vanity and Avarice) were not mentioned in the Catechism of the Catholic Church. In this person's mind, as I could hear it, was a true belief that the seven virtues and seven deadly sins were superstitious and out dated. I was shocked.

A young and very beautiful girl was sitting in a corner of the back room of this church with her head in her hands weeping silently. A television screen was constantly being displayed in front of her wherein she had to watch herself obsess about her beauty and vanity over and over again until it made her sick. As she began to silently weep, she also began to realize that to be judged alone on the way you look was empty and harsh. It held no meaning.

I again looked over at this religious teacher in shock, but could do nothing as I was here only as an observer this eve. But I have provided you with a small portion from 'The Catechism of the Catholic Church' on Sin provided by the Vatican Archive in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.

The following night, my spirit embarked upon a major demonic attack. Without my foreknowledge a powerful dark force entered my home and I was paralyzed and held tight to my bed. I experienced absolute terror because I knew I was completely helpless in this moment to help my children as this

force had me completely bound and my children were sleeping down the hallway.

Since I was unable to speak, I had only my heart to pray to the Lord Jesus Christ for help which I did with vehement distress.

Suddenly, and without adieu, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared along with the Blessed Virgin Mary almost like porcelain statues at about eight feet in height. Jesus held my son while the Blessed Virgin held my daughter. Fire broke out and began to rage through the spiritual ethers in response from the demonic forces to their coming. But the Lord and His mother fled the building with my children to safety. I followed as the paralysis was quickly relieved due to the power of Christ.

We were safe. And before us was now a very peaceful and unusual procession. The casket of St. Francis of Assisi was being borne upon a dirt road in front of us. We watched the peaceful procession and felt the holy awe in being allowed to witness such a historic moment.

It again reminded me of the harrowing tale of St. Francis of Assisi's life and how the Lord led him out of great sin to become one of the greatest saints of all time.

From Thomas of Celano's Accounts of St. Francis of Assisi's Life (From St. Francis, The Saint - Early Documents, 3 Volumes, Edited by Regis J. Armstrong, O.F.M., Cap. J.A. Wayne Hellmann, O.F.M, Conv., William J. Short, O.F.M.):

"That man was still boiling in the sins of youthful heat, and his unstable time of life was driving him

without restraint to carry out the laws of youth. At the very time when he, not knowing how to become tame, was aroused by the venom of the ancient serpent, the divine vengeance, or rather the divine anointing, came upon him. This aimed first of all, at recalling his erring judgment by bringing distress to his mind and affliction to his body, according to that prophecy: *Behold I will hedge up your path with thorns, and I will stop it with a wall.*"

Thomas of Celano continues later thus:

"He wondered at the sudden change in himself, and considered those who loved these things quite foolish. From that day he began to regard himself as worthless and to hold in some contempt what he had previously held as admirable and lovable, though not completely genuinely. For he had not yet been freed from the bonds of vanities nor had he thrown off from his neck the yoke of degrading servitude. It is difficult to leave familiar things behind, and things once instilled in the spirit are not easily weakened."

Despite this, Thomas of Celano states:

"Thus Francis still tried to avoid the divine grasp."

But later:

"One who had struck him with the rod of justice visited him in a vision during the night in the sweetness of grace . . . He was burning inwardly with a divine fire, and he was unable to conceal outwardly the flame kindled in his soul. He repented that he had

sinned so grievously and that he had offended the eyes of majesty. While his past and present transgressions no longer delighted him, he was not yet fully confident of refraining from future ones."

Shortly thereafter:

"One day, when he had invoked the Lord's mercy with his whole heart, the Lord showed him what he must do. He was filled with such great joy . . . People thought he wanted to get married, and they would ask him: 'Do you want to get married, Francis?' He replied: 'I will take a bride more noble and more beautiful than you have ever seen, and she will surpass the rest in beauty and excel all others in wisdom.'"

This bride he spoke of was 'Lady Poverty' whom he served for the remainder of his life and wrote beautiful canticles in her honor. Even the local priests were unconvinced of St. Francis's conversion, because he had been such a notorious sinner.

And yet, with such a difficult start, the life of St. Francis commenced to become that which was so holy that Pope Innocent IIIrd had this to say about him later in life:

"Walking towards the man covered in mud lying prostrate on the floor before him, Pope Innocent IIIrd looked him straight in the eye and related a dream he had the night before which he shared had left him feeling disquieted. Sleeping on a bed, he saw himself with a tiara on his head. The Lateran Basilica, a church, was tilted to one particular side at an angle,

dangerously close to collapse. But in his dream, a little beggar, a monk, leaned against the pillars of the church with his shoulder. And this little mud-covered man wearing rags held up the Church and kept it from collapsing. The man, Pope Innocent IIIrd said, was Francis."

*Fascinating Figures in World Religion: An Overview,
By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation, 2009*

In the spirit of the exhortation in order to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness; a recounting of this life is available in full in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.



As we continue forward into this book of terrors, again I ask you to ponder the reality that in order to understand the remedy, you must first understand the illness.

The Books of Terror is a journey into the heart of sinful mankind, and it is meant to scare you straight, but not scare you away.

Because as the life of St. Francis of Assisi and so many other saints shows us, the mercy of God is more powerful, deep and greater than the snares of the devil. And as you face these snares, and perhaps even see yourself in them, do not be frightened away.

The Lord is a deep sea of forgiveness and might. Any sin you hold within you is weaker than the mercy of God which can overcome it.

But again, you must understand the illness before you can understand the remedy.

We return now to my visions.

The waters were coming and another and I were desperately gathering the ancient sacred texts and moving them to a safe place wherein they could not be harmed by the onslaught of the demonic storms to come. But we had to move quickly because the entry of one we had not yet faced was upon us. We knew it not, but it was coming, and the waters and the floods were only a foreshadowing of this foreboding arrival.

We were to receive a consolation before this was to come.

Pope John Paul the II walked quietly into the room after we had safely stashed the ancient sacred texts below ground. Appearing very humbly in the clothing of a regular man, he was wearing a white shirt and tan pants. As he entered our home, he immediately walked over to an image we have of the Blessed Virgin Mary wearing the Crown of Coronation and holding her infant son, identically crowned. He looked at this image for a very long

time, and then he quietly walked around the house and looked at other religious images. Smiling quietly, he then left without ever saying a word.

And then it came without warning and the battle was upon me.

Alone and in a mansion filled with riches and worldly honor, I came across a demon I had never yet seen. Known as the Lord Demon, this creature was horrific in appearance and could appear to a human being as either a man or a woman of elegant stature and wealth. The Lord Demon is the demon of greed, wealth and most importantly self-intelligence.

One of the highest level demons in this world, I was immediately made to know that it was the Lord Demon who held control of almost every soul on this earth. And those who were under his control were damned.

Jesus spoke to me about this demon in very serious tones and gestures. The most common demon among men and women today, the Lord Demon was so sneaky, manipulative and powerful in his wretchedness, he had the ability to convince even Christians that the idea of hell or that we could lose our soul was pure 'silliness.' Another tactic was his ability to make people feel 'too smart' or 'too evolved' for Jesus Christ. How simple a ruse, how common a demand of the modern world?

But I was not here just for information. This Lord Demon had already taken the soul of someone I loved dearly, and he was now actively seeking the possession of my two younger children.

As I fought for my children, they would randomly disappear through the power of his suggestions. I ran and ran after them and was able to

save them over and over again, but only because they were small enough to still listen to one such as myself. The other soul who was lost was at the age of reason, an adult, and would no longer listen. This soul was already gone.

But allow me to again remind all of you the simplicity of how easily this soul completely under the sway of one of the most powerful demons in hell, the Lord Demon, could regain her redemption. All this soul had to do in order to obtain full mercy was to humble herself and fall on her knees in repentance and ask for forgiveness of the Lord.

Yes, the depths of despair and darkness you are about to hear about are frightening, horrifying and shocking. But the depths of the mercy of God are hopeful, ecstatically beautiful and equally shocking.

All that soul would have to do is turn back to Jesus Christ, ask for forgiveness, and allow Him to take her the rest of the way. Remember this admonition as you enter into the books of terror. Mercy is freely given to those who humble themselves before the Lord and ask.

But I could not reach this soul because she had surrounded herself with others possessed by the Lord Demon who were proud. And they were also loud, noisy and impossible to reach.

Sadly watching as an old woman was dragged into hell, I was told that she had lost her faith because she had gotten so old that God no longer appeared logical to her. It was easy under such circumstances for the Lord Demon to take control of her and drag her to her own ruin.

My spirit had been taken into an assembly of souls who were all attached to this other young girl

who was completely beholden to the Lord Demon, but could easily save herself if she so chose.

But all those in the room were in a similar predicament. Their own self-intelligence, which was the hallmark of the Lord Demon, had dragged them into this state wherein they didn't understand or believe in the power of Jesus Christ. And this was their downfall because most of them were Christians.

Remember that Jesus Christ said He would rather spit out lukewarm Christians. He would rather you be hot or cold.

The Lord came upon me in a mighty gale wind and said 'SPEAK.' But it was difficult to speak because there was so much energy in the room against the Lord Jesus Christ. But I pushed and pushed against the demonic energy in the room which held all of these - most of whom considered themselves Christian - to speak for Christ against the blasphemy that they had taken upon themselves and dared to call it 'Christianity.'

But as I overcame the energy which pushed against the will of God, I said the words that Jesus Christ demanded to be spoken, "The Lord Demons control almost ALL of you and you are damned because of them." Let me repeat this, so that all understand. The Lord Demons control almost all of humanity, and those controlled are damned because of them.

Continuing to speak, the Lord Jesus spoke through me again, "People think dying is the worst thing that can happen to them, it is actually eternal damnation."

As I began to say such things, many of the people began to scatter and leave. Such words were

just too superstitious for them to bear.

But Jesus continued to speak through me and said, "The Lord Demons go after all of you but especially the weak; the physically weak because they are more likely to fall into anger against God and it becomes easy to take them, but they also go after the spiritually lazy."

The final words to the crowd were intended to shock them, "If you do not have Jesus Christ in your life, you will go to hell." Even I was shocked at the words coming out of my mouth, but you have to again remember that those in the room were self-proclaimed Christians. These were not people who had been born into other world religions around the globe who may have never heard of or truly known Jesus Christ. The Lord knows these people, He knows their hearts.

He was speaking to those who knew Jesus Christ, but had chosen to create their own doctrines, doctrines which tickled their ears. One of the women who I knew to be a practicing Catholic came up to me and said, "I don't believe that." Jesus approached her through me without any hint of diminishing power. "If you do not embrace Jesus Christ in this life, you will be damned."

She looked confused, disoriented, but it was over.

"'God created us without us: but he did not will to save us without us.' To receive his mercy, we must admit our faults. 'If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will

*forgive our sins and cleanse us from all
unrighteousness.'"*

The Catechism of the Catholic Church, Part III, Section I, Chapter 1, Article 8,
#1847

Awaking upon my bed in a later vision, I saw the hag demon sitting at the foot of my bed. She was a large fat woman with gray hair grown all the way to her buttocks. Covered in dark moles and pock marks, she was hideous to look upon and looked like a witch. The hag is a well-known demon who enjoys sucking the life out of any weakened host, and I had been sick. She looked victorious and gleeful in her belief that she was almost about to succeed in bringing about my demise.

Looking at her from the corner of my eye, I didn't wish to give her the impression I was regaining in strength. I thought it would be fun to surprise her so I continued acting half dead.

Suddenly I sprung up and attacked her mercilessly. Physically beating her to a pulp, I then said, "And in the name of Jesus Christ, I send you back to hell . . . and don't come back." Instantly, the hag was gone.

Moments later, my spirit was sitting in a church listening to a Latin Mass. The priest quietly and calmly placed a robe over my back, some kind of sacramental overlay. I nodded in acknowledgement of the gift.

Weeks later, my father passed away unexpectedly. As he had led a questionable life, I felt concern for his soul and prayed for his repose.

Coming to me in the night, my father immediately asked me an unexpected question which reminded me of something I'd been told years before.

He asked, "Who is Padre Pio? Can you tell me more about him?" I was immediately surprised, because my father had been a Mormon. He knew nothing about Padre Pio, and had never heard of him during his life.

"Why do you ask this, father?" I inquired. "I ask because this man came at the moment of my death to argue for the salvation of my soul. And I don't know who he is."

At that moment, I remembered when Padre Pio had come to me years ago. He had told me that he had accepted my entire family as his spiritual children. I knew that he had come to the defense of my father because of that promise, and I was in awe. Padre Pio had said before his death, "I will ask the Lord to let me remain at the threshold of Paradise and I will not enter until the last of my spiritual children has entered." For your edification, I have included the story of Padre Pio's life in the Footnotes* at the end of this book.



After explaining the stories of St. Padre Pio to my father, he showed me the markings on his body from the embalming process and then we entered into the purgatorial realm which he had entered due to his own compatibilities.

Disturbing to say the least, my father had entered in a realm which could compare to some of the most vicious cities in the United States. It was like a bad part of town mixed with a biker bar and the energy was horrific. But I noticed that my father was perfectly comfortable here because in his life he had abandoned his family for over thirty years and entered into this world of violence and drugs on the bad side of town. It made sense that he was compatible to it, but it was still upsetting to see.

And after all, I was profoundly grateful that Padre Pio had insured his salvation despite the fact that he was now in a fairly lower portion of the purgatorial spectrum.

My eyes were almost begging him as I spoke. "Father . . ." I said, "I know this seems very comfortable to you right now. But there is so much more attainable in the Kingdom of God. There are higher things for you to attain to, and I would like to help pray you there. If I do this, will you consider that possibility? Will you try?"

Appearing a bit confused as he had never seen those higher realms, he said, "Yes, I will be open to this." The spirit wind was pulling me quickly away, as my soul was not compatible to remain any longer in this place.

After praying fervently for him and asking others to do the same, nearly two weeks later, I entered into what initially seemed a terrifying sight.

We were back at the funeral mystically and my father's casket was rumbling. It appeared that it was about to break open. But I was the only one able to see the tremors and stirrings within the casket walls.

The family and the funeral home attendants were in a hurry to get the burial over with and ignored my pleas of help when I noticed the casket break open and looked upon my father's body and saw his lips begin to move. "I don't think my father is still dead, his lips are trying to move." I said to the woman who was in charge of his burial.

She couldn't see this and ignored my words. My father's body remained as that of an adult but became the size of a baby. He continued trying to speak and his body started growing back to the size of an adult and morphing into a younger age. But no one saw this but me.

The rest of the funeral party took the casket off for burial and it was as if I was experiencing this separately and apart from the quick burial they were hoping to accomplish. This was not out of disrespect for him, just that they didn't understand what was happening.

Suddenly, my father emerged from his casket as a young man of about thirty years. He wore a white shirt and black pants and sat upon the pier that had moments before held his casket. It lay now in shattered wood all around the pier. He was radiant and smiling.

An angel entered the room and said, "What do you do about a man who abused and abandoned his family for his entire life?" He asked.

Looking at the burial party who had quickly finished burying the alternative casket, he said, "You

could bury him quickly and get it over with." Pausing for effect, he then looked over at my resurrected father and said, "Or you can let him try again." I could feel the joy in my father's heart that he was being given a chance to try again.

"Now that he has experienced the personal resurrection, he will visit the purgatory you saw no more. His purgatory will now be to look over his grandchildren with the care he neglected to look over his own. But he has been given a great blessing in that he can make up for that which was lacking in his life, and ascend to the Father when he has completed this work."

My father's eyes were filled with happiness; he had seen something higher and was willing to work to attain to it. And he was profoundly grateful that he'd been allowed to try again.

I smiled at him as my spirit was pulled away.

But it was only to wander into what would be the preamble to the books of terror.

Hovering over the soul of a man who was devoutly practicing his Catholic faith, he was being tempted by a female succubus demon who was on his bed doing disgusting sexual acts to lure him into her web of deceit. An angel appeared at his side, and asked, "Would you have sex with her?" He said, "Oh, but that would be vanity and lust." The angel didn't flinch. "If you could get away with it, would you have sex with her?" Without a moment's pause, he said, "Yes." The angel looked into my eyes, and I looked back. I understood.

Mankind required a deeper and more profound purification than that which they were seeking. We did not 'get it. We were lost.

And in a finale which wrenched my soul in a way I can never describe, I was taken to my son. Experiencing a previous lifetime during the French Revolution, he was about to be beheaded; executed - for nothing. But his executioners had granted me a final grace to hold him, hug him and caress my son.

He didn't appear as he would have in the time of the French Revolution, but as he did now at the age of ten, a beautiful innocent and holy child.

As I held him, he didn't know the fate that was coming. And I was forbidden to speak of it. I caressed his shoulders and held his holy body so close to mine. I loved this child, this soul, with all of my heart. There was nothing more sacred to me.

And it hit me as I held him the profound violence and defilement that was about to be done unto this perfect body which was created by God. I was given to see the twisted and satanic logic that allowed for humanity to think that they were being honorable in letting a mother touch her child for the very last time before they themselves inflicted the most evil and heinous acts of violence upon him.

This body I held in my hands became the body of Christ, and the heinous nature of what they were about to do to Him made me flinch with horror and disgust; that they in some way felt that they could do this, and they had the right to do it.

The violent, disgusting, twisted nature of the human mind became known to me. And the horrific nature of the blasphemed body of humankind perpetuated by their sinful nature made me physically sick. I was puking everywhere.

And in my illness, I held onto my son and refused him to the executioners. And looking into

their eyes, I saw the Lord Demon so self-intelligent and remarkably violent and cruel. In his absolute and unholy self-intelligence, he believed in his own cruel violence. His own mind convinced him that what he wanted to do was just and honorable, and it was in all truth sickening and horrific, a blasphemy to not only this human life and individual soul, but to the body of Christ Himself.

This 'violence' that they wished to perpetuate upon my child was symbolic not only of the horrific and truly literal physical violence which mankind perpetuates upon one another every single day around the world through random violence and war, but it was the sickening violence of vice, sin, lust, vanity, self-intelligence and DAMNATION which was pushed and shoved upon every child born to this world through the ignorant eyes of men who refused to see themselves as what they had become.

And I refused him . . . I stood before that Lord Demon and I said, "You will take our children no more, you blaspheming, unholy apparition of Satan's delusional glory."

And as I quietly walked away fully expecting the violent wrath of those who stood there in their unholy self-righteousness to come upon us, they looked defeated. Because in their hearts, they knew . . . they knew that every word of these books of terror was true . . . and every sin, stain, and blasphemy surrounds each and every one of us today. And even more, is within us . . .

They could no longer deny what they were, and they bowed their heads in shame.

So as you embark on these 'Books of Terror' entering into the gates of hell don't you quench in

fear. Don't you dare be scared away. It's time for all of us to be scared straight.

You will never understand the remedy, until you understand the illness.

So look at it, and look at it closely. You **MUST** look . . . and as you do the eternal answer. The illness is unrecognized sin, the remedy is the mercy of Jesus Christ. Call for it and ask . . . and you shall receive.

And then when you see yourself and others in these pages, remember Jesus Christ's yoke is easy and His Burden is light. How easy is the mercy of God?

Go after it now . . . time's a wasting.

"You see what you are of yourself, but do not be frightened at this. If I were to reveal to you the whole misery that you are, you would die of terror. However, be aware of what you are. Because you are such great misery, I have revealed to you the whole ocean of My Mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press 1987]

"Pray for souls that they be not afraid to approach the tribunal of My mercy. Do not grow weary of praying for sinners. You know what a burden their souls are to My Heart. Relieve my deathly sorrow; dispense My mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press 1987]

"Oh, how much I am hurt by a soul's distrust! Such a soul professes that I am Holy and Just, but does not believe that I am Mercy and does not trust in my goodness . . . Proclaim that mercy is the greatest attribute of God. All the works of My hands are crowned with mercy."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press
1987]

***"The flames of mercy are burning Me-clamoring to be
spent."***

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press
1987]



Prepare Carefully to Enter:

Books of Terror

By Marilyn Hughes



The Gates of Hell
(By Rodin)



St. Michael the Archangel

The St. Michael Prayer

*Saint Michael, the Archangel,
Defend us in the battle.
Be our protection against the
wickedness
And snares of the Devil.*

*Rebuke him O God, We suppliantly
beseech thee,
And do then O Prince of the
Heavenly Host,
Drive into Hell, Satan and all other
evil spirits,
Who wander through the world,
Seeking the ruin of souls.*

Amen.



BOOK OF THE POWER OF GOD

Vision of Sir Lancelot:

"He found a chamber where the door was shut,
 And thereto set his hand to open it;
 And mightily he tried, and still might not:
 And then he heard a voice which sang so sweet,
 It seemed none earthly thing that he heard sing,
 "Honour and joy be given

To the High King of Heaven!"

It seemed none earthly thing that sung therein,
 So sweet the voice, it near had made him greet,--
 For well he knew his body, stained with sin,
 Was for that mystic chamber all unmeet,
 Wherein those voices rang, yes, choired and sang;
 "Honour and joy be given
 To the High King of Heaven!"

For well he knew that there the Sancgreal
 Upon the board was set for sinless souls,
 While the three rays shone sidelong down the wall;
 While he without did kneel with many a stain,
 And there to that hid noise he joined his voice,
 "Pity and grace be given,
 To me, lost child of Heaven!"

With that he saw the chamber door unclose,
 And out there shone a clearness and a light
 As all the torches in the world that house
 Had lighted and been borne there burning bright
 About the Sancgreal, while sang they all,
 "Honour and joy be given,
 To the sweet lord of Heaven!"

Sir Lancelot and the Sancgreal, By Edmund Rhys, An Arthurian Miscellany, 1905

***"To be without Jesus is the torment of Hell, but to be
 with Him is the joy of paradise. If you have Jesus
 there is nothing an enemy can do to you."***

The Imitation of Christ, Thomas A. Kempis, Saint Joseph Edition, [© Catholic
 Book Publishing Co. 1985-1977] (Book 2, Chapter 8)



BOOK OF HELL ON EARTH

Vision of St. John Bosco:

“St. John Bosco (1815–1888) was an Italian priest, educator, and writer. He founded the Society of St. Francis de Sales, an apostolate dedicated to educating and caring for boys from poor families . . .

The Gates of Hell

We continued our descent, the road now becoming so frightfully steep that it was almost impossible to stand erect. And then, at the bottom of this precipice, at the entrance of a dark valley, an enormous building loomed into sight, its towering portal, tightly locked, facing our road. When I finally got to the bottom, I

became smothered by a suffocating heat, while a greasy, green-tinted smoke lit by flashes of scarlet flames rose from behind those enormous walls which loomed higher than mountains.

"Where are we? What is this?" I asked my guide. "Read the inscription on that portal and you will know."

I looked up and read these words: "The place of no reprieve." I realized that we were at the gates of hell. The guide led me all around this horrible place. At regular distances bronze portals like the first overlooked precipitous descents; on each was an inscription, such as: "Depart from me, you cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels" (Mt 25:41). "Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire" (Mt 7:19).

I tried to copy them into my notebook, but my guide restrained me. "There is no need. You have them all in Holy Scripture. You even have some of them inscribed in the porticoes of your Oratory." At such a sight I wanted to turn back and return to the Oratory. As a matter of fact, I did start back, but my guide ignored my attempt. After trudging through a steep, never-ending ravine, we again came to the foot of the precipice facing the first portal.

A Youth Comes Running

Suddenly the guide turned to me. Upset and startled, he motioned to me to step aside. "Look!" he said. I looked up in terror and saw in the distance someone racing down the path at an uncontrollable speed. I kept my eyes on him, trying to identify him, and as he got closer, I recognized him as one of my boys. His disheveled hair was partly standing upright on his head and partly tossed back by the wind. His arms were outstretched as though he were thrashing the water in an attempt to stay afloat. He wanted to stop, but could not. Tripping on the protruding stones, he kept falling even faster. "Let's help him, let's stop him!" I shouted, holding out my hands in a vain effort to restrain him. "Leave him alone," the guide replied. "Why?"

"Don't you know how terrible God's vengeance is? Do you think you can restrain one who is fleeing from his just wrath?"

Meanwhile the youth had turned his fiery gaze backward in an attempt to see whether God's wrath were still pursuing him. The next moment he fell tumbling to the bottom of the ravine and crashed against the bronze portal as though he could find no better refuge in his flight.

"Why was he looking backward in terror?" I asked. "Because God's wrath will pierce hell's gates to reach and torment him even in the midst of fire!"

A Thousand Inner Portals

As the boy crashed into the portal, it sprang open with a roar, and instantly a thousand inner portals opened with a deafening clamor as if struck by a body that had been propelled by an invisible, most violent, irresistible gale. As these bronze doors—one behind the other, though at a considerable distance from each other—remained momentarily open, I saw far into the distance something like furnace jaws sprouting fiery balls the moment the youth hurtled into it. As swiftly as they had opened, the portals then clanged shut again. For a third time I tried to jot down the name of that unfortunate lad, but the guide again restrained me.

“Wait,” he ordered. “Watch!”

Three other boys of ours, screaming in terror and with arms outstretched, were rolling down one behind the other like massive rocks. I recognized them as they too crashed against the portal. In that split second, it sprang open and so did the other thousand. The three lads were sucked into that endless corridor amid a long-drawn, fading, infernal echo, and then the portals clanged shut again. At intervals, many other lads came tumbling down after them. I saw one unlucky boy being pushed down the slope by an evil companion. Others fell singly or with others, arm in arm or side by side.

Each of them bore the name of his sin on his forehead. I kept calling to them as they hurtled down, but they did not hear me. Again the portals would open

thunderously and slam shut with a rumble. Then, dead silence!

Dragging the Boys to Ruin

"Bad companions, bad books, and bad habits," my guide exclaimed, "are mainly responsible for so many eternally lost."

The traps I had seen earlier were indeed dragging the boys to ruin. Seeing so many going to damnation, I cried out disconsolately, "If so many of our boys end up this way, we are working in vain. How can we prevent such tragedies?"

"This is their present state," my guide replied, "and that is where they would go if they were to die now." "Then let me jot down their names so that I may warn them and put them back on the path to heaven." "Do you really believe that some of them would reform if you were to warn them? Then and there your warning might impress them, but soon they will forget it, saying, 'It was just a dream,' and they will do worse than before. Others, realizing they have been unmasked, receive the Sacraments, but this will be neither spontaneous nor meritorious; others will go to confession because of a momentary fear of hell but will still be attached to sin."

"Then is there no way to save these unfortunate lads? Please, tell me what I can do for them." "They have superiors; let them obey them. They have

rules; let them observe them. They have the Sacraments; let them receive them."

Just then a new group of boys came hurtling down and the portals momentarily opened.

"Let's go in," the guide said to me. I pulled back in horror. I could not wait to rush back to the Oratory to warn the boys lest others might be lost as well.

"Come," my guide insisted. "You'll learn much. But first tell me: Do you wish to go alone or with me?" He asked this to make me realize that I was not brave enough and therefore needed his friendly assistance. "Alone inside that horrible place?" I replied. "How will I ever be able to find my way out without your help?"

Then a thought came to my mind and aroused my courage. *Before one is condemned to hell, I said to myself, he must be judged. And I haven't been judged yet!* "Let's go!" I exclaimed resolutely.

A Vast, Grim Courtyard

We entered that narrow, horrible corridor and whizzed through it with lightning speed. Threatening inscriptions shone eerily over all the inner gateways. The last one opened into a vast, grim courtyard with a large, unbelievably forbidding entrance at the far end. Above it stood this inscription: "They will go away

into eternal punishment" (Mt 25:46). The walls all about were similarly inscribed. I asked my guide if I could read them, and he consented. These were the inscriptions:

"Fire and worms he will give to their flesh; they shall weep in pain for ever" (Jdt 16:17).

"The lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophet ... will be tormented day and night for ever and ever" (Rv 20:10).

"And the smoke of their torment goes up for ever and ever" (Rv 14:11).

"The land of gloom and chaos, where light is as darkness" (Job 10:22).

"There is no peace ... for the wicked" (Is 48:22).
 "There men will weep and gnash their teeth" (Mt 8:12).

While I moved from one inscription to another, my guide, who had stood in the center of the courtyard, came up to me.

"From here on," he said, "no one may have a helpful companion, a comforting friend, a loving heart, a compassionate glance, or a benevolent word. All this is gone forever. Do you just want to see or would you rather experience these things yourself?"
 "I only want to see!" I answered.

“Then come with me,” my friend added, and, taking me in tow, he stepped through that gate into a corridor at whose far end stood an observation platform, closed by a huge, single crystal pane reaching from the pavement to the ceiling. As soon as I crossed its threshold, I felt an indescribable terror and dared not take another step.

An Immense Cave Glowing White-Hot

Ahead of me I could see something like an immense cave which gradually disappeared into recesses sunk far into the bowels of the mountains. They were all ablaze, but theirs was not an earthly fire with leaping tongues of flames. The entire cave—walls, ceiling, floor, iron, stones, wood, and coal—everything was glowing white at temperatures of thousands of degrees.

Yet the fire did not incinerate, did not consume. I simply can’t find words to describe the cavern’s horror. “It is made ready, its pyre made deep and wide, with fire and wood in abundance; the breath of the LORD, like a stream of brimstone, kindles it” (Is 30:33).

I was staring about me in bewilderment when a lad dashed out of a gate. Seemingly unaware of anything else, he emitted a most shrilling scream, like one who is about to fall into a cauldron of liquid bronze, and plummeted into the center of the cave. Instantly he too became incandescent and perfectly motionless,

while the echo of his dying wail lingered for an instant more.

Terribly frightened, I stared at him for a while. He seemed to be one of my Oratory boys. "Isn't he so and so?" I asked my guide.

"Yes" was the answer.

"Why is he so still, so incandescent?"

"You chose to see," he replied. "Be satisfied with that. Just keep looking. Besides, 'Every one will be salted with fire'" (Mk 9:49).

Other Youth From the Oratory

As I looked again, another youth came hurtling down into the cave at breakneck speed. He too was from the Oratory. As he fell, so he remained. He too emitted one single heart-rending shriek that blended with the last echo of the scream that came from the youth who had preceded him.

Other boys kept hurtling in the same way in increasing numbers, all screaming the same way, and then all becoming equally motionless and incandescent. I noticed that the first seemed frozen to the spot, one hand and one foot raised into the air; the second boy seemed bent almost double to the floor. Others stood or hung in various other positions, balancing themselves on one foot or hand, sitting or

lying on their backs or on their sides, standing or kneeling, hands clutching their hair. Briefly, the scene resembled a large statuary group of youngsters cast into ever more painful postures. Other lads hurtled into that same furnace. Some I knew; others were strangers to me. I then recalled what is written in the Bible to the effect that as one falls into hell, so he shall forever remain: "In the place where the tree falls, there it will lie" (Eccl 11:3). More frightened than ever, I asked my guide, "When these boys come dashing into this cave, don't they know where they are going?"

"They surely do. They have been warned a thousand times, but they still choose to rush into the fire because they do not detest sin and are loath to forsake it. Furthermore, they despise and reject God's incessant, merciful invitations to do penance. Thus provoked, Divine Justice harries them, hounds them, and goads them on so that they cannot halt until they reach this place."

"Oh, how miserable these unfortunate boys must feel in knowing they no longer have any hope!" I exclaimed.

Their Innermost Frenzy and Fury

"If you really want to know their innermost frenzy and fury, go a little closer," my guide remarked. I took a few steps forward and saw that many of those poor wretches were savagely striking at each other like mad dogs. Others were clawing their own

faces and hands, tearing their own flesh and spitefully throwing it about. Just then the entire ceiling of the cave became as transparent as crystal and revealed a patch of heaven and their radiant companions safe for all eternity.

The poor wretches, fuming and panting with envy, burned with rage because they had once ridiculed the righteous. "The wicked man sees it and is angry; he gnashes his teeth and melts away" (Ps 112:10). "Why do I hear no sound?" I asked my guide. "Go closer!" he advised.

Pressing my ear to the crystal window, I heard screams and sobs, blasphemies and curses against the saints. It was a tumult of voices and cries, shrill and confused.

"When they recall the happy lot of their good companions," he replied, "they are obliged to admit: 'We fools thought that their life was madness, and that their end was without honor. Behold, how they are numbered among the sons of God, and their lot is among the saints. It is we who have strayed from the way of truth, and the light of righteousness did not shine on us....

"'We took our fill of the paths of lawlessness and destruction, and we journeyed through trackless deserts, but the way of the LORD we have not known. What has our arrogance profited us? And what good has our boasted wealth brought us? All those things have vanished like a shadow'" (see Ws 5:4-9).

"Here time is no more. Here is only eternity." While I viewed the condition of many of my boys in utter terror, a thought suddenly struck me. "How can these boys be damned?" I asked. "Last night they were still alive at the Oratory!"

"The boys you see here," he answered, "are all dead to God's grace. Were they to die now or persist in their evil ways, they would be damned. But we are wasting time. Let us go on."

Covered With Worms and Vermin

He led me away and we went down through a corridor into a lower cavern, at whose entrance I read: "Their worm shall not die; their fire shall not be quenched" (Is 66:24). "Fire and worms he will give to their flesh; they shall weep in pain forever" (Jdt 16:17).

Here one could see how atrocious was the remorse of those who had been pupils in our schools. What a torment was theirs, to remember each unforgiven sin and its just punishment, the countless, even extraordinary means they had had to mend their ways, persevere in virtue, and earn paradise, and their lack of response to the many favors promised and bestowed by the Virgin Mary. What a torture to think that they could have been saved so easily, yet now are irredeemably lost, and to remember the many good resolutions made and never kept. Hell is indeed paved with good intentions!

In this lower cavern I again saw those Oratory boys who had fallen into the fiery furnace. Some are listening to me right now; others are former pupils or even strangers to me. I drew closer to them and noticed that they were all covered with worms and vermin that gnawed at their vitals, hearts, eyes, hands, legs, and entire bodies so ferociously as to defy description.

"Tell me not of the fire and the worm, and the blackness and darkness of hell. To my terrified conscience there is hell enough in this representation of it, that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable and abandoned and reckless as to principle, and depraved as to morals, the one common eddy where all things that are polluted and wretched and filthy are gathered together."

Joseph Beaumont [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Hell)

Helpless and motionless, they were a prey to every kind of torment. Hoping I might be able to speak with them or to hear something from them, I drew even closer, but no one spoke or even looked at me. I then asked my guide why, and he explained that the damned are totally deprived of freedom. Each must fully endure his own punishment, with absolutely no reprieve whatever.

Entering the Cavern

"And now," he added, "you too must enter that cavern."

"Oh, no!" I objected in terror. "Before going to hell,

one has to be judged. I have not been judged yet, and so I will not go to hell!"

"Listen," he said, "what would you rather do: visit hell and save your boys, or stay outside and leave them in agony?"

For a moment I was struck speechless. "Of course I love my boys and wish to save them all," I replied, "but isn't there some other way out?" "Yes, there is a way," he went on, "provided you do all you can."

I breathed more easily and instantly said to myself, *I don't mind slaving if I can rescue these beloved sons of mine from such torments.*

"Come inside then," my friend went on, "and see how our good, almighty God lovingly provides a thousand means for guiding your boys to penance and saving them from everlasting death." Taking my hand, he led me into the cave.... *[Inside, the guide shows St. John the common sins of the boys and the means God has provided for them to avoid hell. He is advised about how he should counsel and preach to warn them.]*

I bowed my head and promised to do as he had instructed me. Faint with dismay, I could only mutter, "Thanks for having been so good to me. Now, please lead me out of here."

"All right, then, come with me."

A Touch of Hell

Encouragingly he took my hand and held me up because I could hardly stand on my feet. Leaving that hall, in no time at all we retraced our steps through that horrible courtyard and the long corridor. But as soon as we stepped across the last bronze portal, he turned to me and said, "Now that you have seen what others suffer, you too must experience a touch of hell."

"No, no!" I cried in terror. He insisted, but I kept refusing.

"Don't be afraid," he told me; "just try it. Touch this wall."

I could not muster enough courage and tried to get away, but he held me back. "Try it," he insisted. Gripping my arm firmly, he pulled me to the wall. "Only one touch," he commanded, "so that you may say you have both seen and touched the walls of eternal suffering and that you may understand what the last wall must be like if the first is so unendurable. Look at this wall!" I did look, intently. It seemed incredibly thick. "There are a thousand walls between this and the real fire of hell," my guide continued. "A thousand walls encompass it, each a thousand measures thick and equally distant from the next one. Each measure is a thousand miles. This wall therefore is millions and

millions of miles from hell's real fire. It is just a remote rim of hell itself."

When he said this, I instinctively pulled back, but he seized my hand, forced it open, and pressed it against the first of the thousand walls. The sensation was so utterly excruciating that I leaped back with a scream and found myself sitting up in bed. My hand was stinging and I kept rubbing it to ease the pain. When I got up this morning I noticed that it was swollen. Having my hand pressed against the wall, though only in a dream, felt so real that, later, the skin of my palm peeled off.

Bear in mind that I have tried not to frighten you very much, and so I have not described these things in all their horror as I saw them and as they impressed me. We know that Our Lord always portrayed hell in symbols because, had he described it as it really is, we would not have understood him. No mortal can comprehend these things. The Lord knows them, and he reveals them to whomever he wills.

Thigpen, Paul. Saints Who Saw Hell: And Other Catholic Witnesses to the Fate of the Damned (Chapter 3). TAN Books.

"Still, Thou art hidden, O Lord, from my soul in Thy light and blessedness; and therefore my soul still walks in darkness and wretchedness. For it looks, and does not see Thy beauty. It hearkens, and does not hear Thy harmony. It smells, and does not perceive Thy fragrance. It tastes, and does not recognize Thy sweetness. It touches, and does not feel Thy pleasantness. For Thou hast these attributes in

Thyself, Lord God, after Thine ineffable manner, who hast given them to objects created by Thee, after their sensible manner; but the sinful senses of my soul have grown rigid and dull, and have been obstructed by their long listlessness."

Saint Anselm of Canterbury [The Soul Afire: Revelations of the Mystics, Edited by H.A Reinhold] (The Blinded Soul)





BOOK OF THE WEEPING SOULS

Visions of St. Catherine of Genoa on Purgatory:

“I perceive there to be so much conformity between God and the soul that when He sees it in the purity in which His Divine Majesty created it He gives it a

burning love, which draws it to Himself, which is strong enough to destroy it, immortal though it be, and which causes it to be so transformed in God that it sees itself as though it were none other than God. Unceasingly He draws it to Himself and breathes fire into it, never letting it go until He has led it to the state whence it came forth, that is to the pure cleanliness in which it was created.

When with its inner sight the soul sees itself drawn by God with such loving fire, then it is melted by the heat of the glowing love for God, its most dear Lord, which it feels overflowing it. And it sees by the divine light that God does not cease from drawing it, nor from leading it, lovingly and with much care and unfailing foresight, to its full perfection, doing this of His pure love. But the soul, being hindered by sin, cannot go whither God draws it; it cannot follow the uniting look with which He would draw it to Himself. Again the soul perceives the grievousness of being held back from seeing the divine light; the soul's instinct too, being drawn by that uniting look, craves to be unhindered. I say that it is the sight of these things which begets in the souls the pain they feel in Purgatory. Not that they make account of their pain; most great though it be, they deem it a far less evil than to find themselves going against the will of God, whom they clearly see to be on fire with extreme and pure love for them.

Strongly and unceasingly this love draws the soul with that uniting look, as though it had nought else than this to do. Could the soul who understood find a worse Purgatory in which to rid itself sooner of all

the hindrance in its way, it would swiftly fling itself therein, driven by the conforming love between itself and God."

A Treatise on Purgatory, St. Catherine of Genoa, 1510, Sheed and Ward 1946

"If man had eyes to see the true beauty- the divine beauty, I mean, pure, and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life-thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty simple and divine? Remember how in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth, not images of beauty, but realities (for he had told not of an image but of a reality), and bringing forth and nourishing true virtue to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may."

Plato [The Soul Afire: Revelations of the Mystics, Edited by H.A Reinhold] (The Winged Soul)

"But the churchmen fain would kill their church, As the churches have kill'd their Christ."

Alfred, Lord Tennyson [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]



BOOK OF THE FEAR OF HELL

Vision of St. Faustina:

“Today, I was led by an Angel to the chasms of hell. It is a place of great torture; how awesomely large and extensive it is! The kinds of tortures I saw: the first torture that constitutes hell is the loss of God; the second is perpetual remorse of conscience; the third is that one’s condition will never change; the fourth is the fire that will penetrate the soul without destroying it, a terrible suffering, since it is a purely spiritual fire, lit by God’s anger; the fifth torture is

conditional darkness and a terrible suffocating smell, and despite the darkness, the devils and the souls of the damned see each other and all the evil, both of others and their own; the sixth torture is the constant company of Satan, the seventh torture is horrible despair, hatred of God, vile words, curses and blasphemies. These are the tortures suffered by all the damned together, but that is not the end of the sufferings. There are special tortures destined for particular souls. These are the torments of the senses. Each soul undergoes terrible and indescribable sufferings, related to the manner in which it has sinned. There are caverns and pits of torture where one form of agony differs from another. I would have died at the very sight of these tortures if the omnipotence of God had not supported me. Let the sinner know that he will be tortured throughout all eternity, in those senses which he made use of to sin.

[I am] writing this at the command of God, so that no soul may find an excuse by saying there is no hell, or that nobody has ever been there, and so no one can say what it is like. I, Sister Faustina, by the order of God, have visited the abysses of hell so that I might tell souls about it and testify to its existence. I have received a command from God to leave it in writing. The devils were full of hatred for me, but they had to obey me at the command of God. What I have written is but a pale shadow of the things I saw. But I noticed one thing: that most of the souls there are those who disbelieved that there is a hell. When I came to, I could hardly recover from the fright. How terribly souls suffer there! Consequently, I pray even more fervently for the conversion of sinners. I incessantly

plead God's mercy upon them. O my Jesus, I would rather be in agony until the end of the world, amidst the greatest sufferings, then offend You by the least sin."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

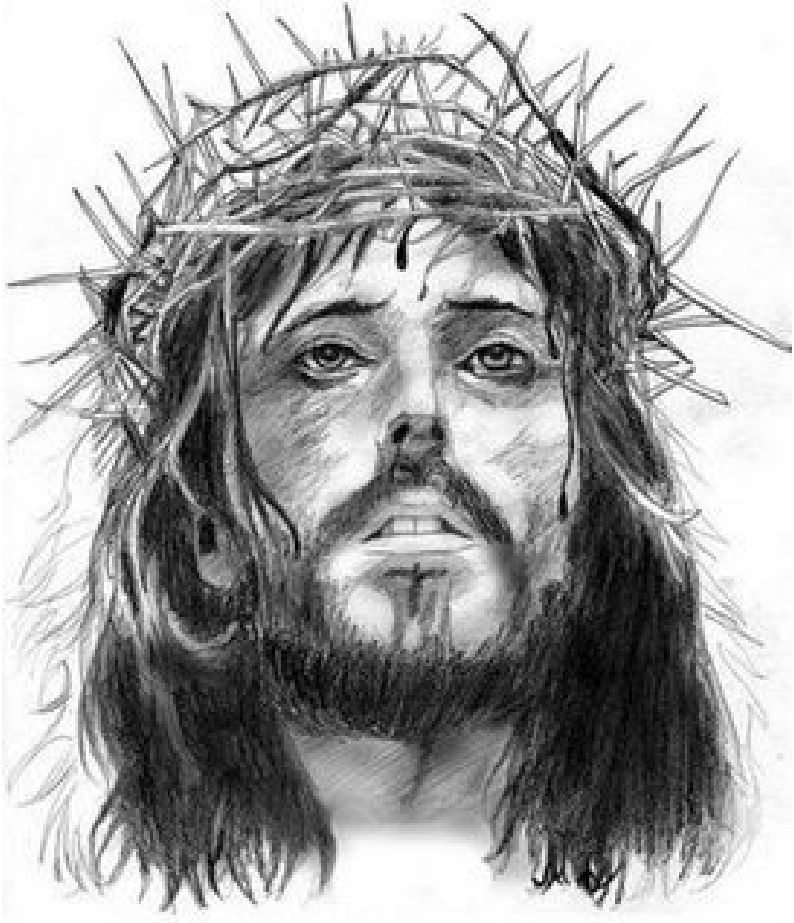
The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Matthew 5:44

"Death to the Christian is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys."

Aughey [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Death)

"Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end."

Madam Anne Germaine de Stael: *Corinne* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Love)



BOOK OF THE CRUCIFIXION

Vision of Padre Pio:

"In 1913, Padre Pio wrote to his confessor, Father Augustine, about the apparition of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the agony caused by the behavior of unworthy priests. He says: "On Friday morning, while I was still in bed, Jesus appeared to me. He was

all battered, bruised and disfigured. And then there appeared to me a great multitude of priests, of different ecclesiastical ranks. Some of them were still celebrating mass, others had just finished celebrating, and some had already taken off their clothes. This image of Jesus caused me great distress and sadness, so I asked him why he was suffering so much. He turned to those priests and immediately then, horrified by the sight of them, looked back at me and I noticed tears rolling down His face. The Lord then walked away from these priests with an expression of absolute disgust, shouting "Butchers! " Then he addressed me saying: "My son, don't believe that my agony was only three hours. No, I will be in agony until the very end of the world, because of these souls who benefited the most from me. And in the time of my agony, my son, we must not sleep. My soul seeks a drop of human piety, but they have abandoned me under the burden of their indifference. The ingratitude and sleepiness of my priests only aggravates my agony. They cooperate so badly with my love, and what affects me the most is their indifference, their contempt and infidelity. Many times, I was ready to strike at them, but I was stopped by the angels and those souls who truly love me." Then he directed him to the priest, to tell him what he saw and felt this morning and to tell him to show this letter to the provincial. Padre Pio says that the rest of Jesus' speech must not be revealed to any creature on this earth. "This apparition caused me such great pain in my body, but even more in my soul, and left me in inner prostration all day. I think I would have died if sweet Jesus had not appeared to me again and told me how many of our poor brethren are responding to

the love of Jesus by throwing themselves into the sect of Freemasonry with open arms. Jesus emphasized: 'Pray for them that the Lord enlightens their minds and touches their hearts, and encourages the provincial so that he can receive heavenly help. The good of his province must be his constant pursuit, and all his efforts should be directed towards it, for the provincial will not be exempt from difficulties. But do not lose heart, I will accompany him in battle'. Jesus then said: 'The war against the priestly mantle will intensify, but persevere, with God's help. '"

"The cross is central. It is struck into the middle of the world, into the middle of time, into the middle of destiny. The cross is struck into the heart of God."

Frederick W. Norwood, *Today is Mine*, Harper & Row [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Cross)

"In the presence of the cross man dares not speculate about the degree of his goodness; rather he is at once cast down by his sin and overwhelmed by the joyous insight that God is the kinsman of the Way."

Johann Hieronymus Schroeder [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Cross)



BOOK OF THE WRETCHED DISCORD

Vision of St. Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“Deep groans and cries of despair might be plainly distinguished even while the doors were tightly closed; but, O, who can describe the dreadful yells and shrieks which burst upon the ear when the bolts

were unfastened and the doors flung open; and, O, who can depict the melancholy appearance of the inhabitants of this wretched place! [...]

“[A]ll within it is, on the contrary, close, confused, and crowded; every object tends to fill the mind with sensations of pain and grief; the marks of the wrath and vengeance of God are visible everywhere; despair, like a vulture, gnaws every heart, and discord and misery reign around. [...] In the city of Hell nothing is to be seen but dismal dungeons, dark caverns, frightful deserts, fetid swamps filled with every imaginable species of poisonous and disgusting reptile. [...]

“[I]n Hell, perpetual scenes of wretched discord, and every species of sin and corruption, either under the most horrible forms imaginable, or represented by different kinds of dreadful torments. All in this dreary abode tends to fill the mind with horror; not a word of comfort is heard or a consoling idea admitted; the one tremendous thought, that the justice of an all-powerful God inflicts on the damned nothing but what they have fully deserved is the absorbing tremendous conviction which weighs down each heart.

“Vice appears in its own, grim disgusting colors, being stripped of the mask under which it is hidden in this world, and the infernal viper is seen devouring those who have cherished or fostered it here below. In a word, Hell is the temple of anguish and despair...”

"Mercy among the virtues is like the moon among the stars, not so sparkling and vivid as many, but dispensing a calm radiance that hallows the whole. It is the bow that rests upon the bosom of the cloud when the storm is past. It is the light that hovers above the judgment-seat."

Edwin Hubbell Chapin [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Mercy)



BOOK OF LEGION

Vision of Jacinta and Francesco Marto and Sr. Lucia of Fatima:

“Our Lady showed us a great sea of fire which seemed to be under the earth. Plunged in this fire were demons and souls in human form, like transparent burning embers, all blackened or burnished bronze, floating about in the conflagration, now raised into the air by the flames that issued from within themselves together with great clouds of smoke, now falling back on every side like sparks in a huge fire, without weight or equilibrium, and amid shrieks and groans of pain and despair, which horrified us and made us tremble with fear. The demons could be distinguished by their terrifying and repellent likeness to frightful and unknown animals,

all black and transparent. This vision lasted but an instant.

How can we ever be grateful enough to our kind heavenly Mother, who had already prepared us by promising, in the first Apparition, to take us to Heaven. Otherwise, I think we would have died of fear and terror.'"

"From all evil and mischief; from; from the crafts and assaults of the Devil; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation, Good Lord, deliver us."

The Book of Common Prayer: The Litany



BOOK OF THE DAMNED YOUTH

Visions of Fr. Gabriele Amorth, Former Chief Exorcist of Rome Regarding the Intercession of Pope John Paul II:

"The former chief exorcist of Rome saw a rising number of young people coming under the influence of evil but found that Saint John Paul II is a powerful intercessor in the battle for souls.

A small, unassuming office in southwest Rome seems a rather ordinary setting in which to play out a grand battle between good and evil. It is here, though, that Father Gabriele Amorth carried out an estimated 100,000 exorcisms in his lifetime.

The Ordinary & Extraordinary Powers of the Devil

“The world must know that Satan exists,” he told CNA in 2011. “The devil and demons are many and they have two powers, the ordinary and the extraordinary.”

The late Italian priest of the Society of Saint Paul and former official exorcist for the Diocese of Rome explained the difference.

“The so-called ordinary power is that of tempting man to distance himself from God and take him to Hell. This action is exercised against all men and women of all places and religions.”

As for the extraordinary powers Satan uses, Father Amorth explained it as how the Devil acts when he focuses his attention more specifically on a person.

He categorized the expression of that attention into four types: diabolical possession; diabolical vexation (like in the case of Padre Pio, who was beaten by the Devil); obsessions which are able to lead a person to desperation and infestation, and when the Devil occupies a space, an animal or even an object.”

Father Amorth said such extraordinary occurrences are rare but on the rise. He's particularly worried about the number of young people Satan affects through sects, séances, and drugs. He never despairs though.

"With Jesus Christ and Mary, God has promised us that he will never allow temptations greater than our strengths."

Hence, he gives a very matter-of-fact guide that everybody can use in the fight against Satan.

"The temptations of the Devil are defeated first of all by avoiding occasions [of temptation] because the Devil always seeks out our weakest points. And, then, with prayer. We Christians have an advantage because we have the Word of Jesus, we have the sacraments, prayer to God."

"Because He Disrupted My Plans..."

Not surprisingly, 'Jesus Christ' was the name Fr. Amorth most often called upon to expel demons. But he also turned to saintly men and women for their heavenly assistance.

Interestingly, he said that one man – Pope John Paul II – proved to be a particularly powerful intercessor.

"I have asked the demon more than once, 'Why are you so scared of John Paul II?' And I have had two different responses, both interesting. One, 'because he disrupted my plans.' And, I think that he is referring to the fall of communism in Russia and Eastern Europe. The collapse of communism."

"Another response that he gave me was, 'Because he pulled so many young people from my hands.'

"There are so many young people who, thanks to John Paul II, were converted. Perhaps some were already Christian but not practicing, but then with John Paul II, they came back to the practice. 'He pulled so many young people out of my hands.'"

David Kerr, Churchpop, June 7, 2015

"That there is a Devil is a thing doubted by none but such as are under the influences of the Devil. For any to deny the being of a Devil must be from an ignorance or profaneness worse than diabolical."

Cotton Mather: *A Discourse on the Wonders of the Invisible World*
[12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"The Devil entangles youth with beauty, the miser with gold, the ambitious with power, the learned with false doctrine."

Henry George Bohn: *Handbook of Proverbs* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"If a man were to see the seriousness of a single sin, he would rather be in a fiery furnace, and remain there alive in body and soul, than endure it within him; and if the sea were a vast fire, he would rather cast himself into the midst thereof, right to the bottom, to flee from this sin, nor would he ever go out thence if he knew that on leaving he would have the sin within him."

Saint Catherine of Genoa [The Soul Afire, Edited By: H.A. Reinold]
(A Saint's Horror of Sin)



BOOK OF THE ETERNAL BATTLE

Vision of St. Anne Catherine Emmerich:

"Deep groans and cries of despair might be plainly distinguished even while the doors were tightly

closed; but, O, who can describe the dreadful yells and shrieks which burst upon the ear when the bolts were unfastened and the doors flung open; and, O, who can depict the melancholy appearance of the inhabitants of this wretched place! [...]

“[A]ll within it is, on the contrary, close, confused, and crowded; every object tends to fill the mind with sensations of pain and grief; the marks of the wrath and vengeance of God are visible everywhere; despair, like a vulture, gnaws every heart, and discord and misery reign around. [...] In the city of Hell nothing is to be seen but dismal dungeons, dark caverns, frightful deserts, fetid swamps filled with every imaginable species of poisonous and disgusting reptile. [...]

“[I]n Hell, perpetual scenes of wretched discord, and every species of sin and corruption, either under the most horrible forms imaginable, or represented by different kinds of dreadful torments. All in this dreary abode tends to fill the mind with horror; not a word of comfort is heard or a consoling idea admitted; the one tremendous thought, that the justice of an all-powerful God inflicts on the damned nothing but what they have fully deserved is the absorbing tremendous conviction which weighs down each heart.

“Vice appears in its own, grim disgusting colors, being stripped of the mask under which it is hidden in this world, and the infernal viper is seen devouring

those who have cherished or fostered it here below. In a word, Hell is the temple of anguish and despair..."

"Grant that we may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph, against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Amen."

The Book of Common Prayer: Baptism of Infants [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)



BOOK OF THE STRUGGLE OF SIN

Visions of St. Catherine of Siena:

"Of the four principal torments of the damned, from which follow all the others; and particularly of the foulness of the Devil.

"My daughter, the tongue is not sufficient to narrate the pain of these poor souls. As there are three principal vices, namely: self-love, whence proceeds the second, that is love of reputation, whence proceeds the third, that is pride, with injustice and cruelty, and with other filthiness and iniquitous sins, that follow upon these.

"So I say to you, that in Hell, the souls have four principal torments, out of which proceed all the other torments. The first is, that they see themselves deprived of the vision of Me, which is such pain to them, that, were it possible, they would rather choose the fire, and the tortures and torments, and to see Me, than to be without the torments and not to see Me.

"This first pain revives in them, then, the second, the worm of Conscience, which gnaws unceasingly, seeing that the soul is deprived of Me, and of the conversation of the angels, through her sin, made worthy of the conversation and sight of the devils, which vision of the Devil is the third pain and redoubles to them their every toil.

"As the saints exult in the sight of Me, refreshing themselves with joyousness in the fruit of their toils borne for Me with such abundance of love, and displeasure of themselves, so does the sight of the Devil revive these wretched ones to torments, because in seeing him they know themselves more, that is to say, they know that, by their own sin, they have made

themselves worthy of him. And so the worm of Conscience gnaws more and more, and the fire of this Conscience never ceases to burn. And the sight is more painful to them, because they see him in his own form, which is so horrible that the heart of man could not imagine it.

"And if you remember well, you know that I showed him to you in his own form for a little space of time, hardly a moment, and you chose (after you had returned to yourself) rather to walk on a road of fire, even until the Day of Judgment, than to see him again. With all this that you have seen, even you do not know well how horrible he is, because, by Divine justice, he appears more horrible to the soul that is deprived of Me, and more or less according to the gravity of her sin.

"**The fourth** torment that they have is the fire. This fire burns and does not consume, for the being of the soul cannot be consumed, because it is not a material thing that fire can consume. But I, by Divine justice, have permitted the fire to burn them with torments, so that it torments them, without consuming them, with the greatest pains in diverse ways according to the diversity of their sins, to some more, and to some less, according to the gravity of their fault.

"Out of these four torments issue all others, such as cold and heat and gnashing of the teeth and many others. Now because they did not amend themselves after the first reproof that they had of injustice and false judgment, neither in the second, which was that, in death, they would not hope in Me, nor grieve for

the offense done to Me, but only for their own pain, have they thus so miserably received Eternal Punishment."

The Dialogues of St. Catherine of Siena, 1461

*"Now do I see that never can our intellect be sated, unless that Truth shine on it, beyond which no truth hath change. Therein it resteth as a wild beast in his den so soon as it hath reached it; and reach it may; else were all longing futile. Wherefore there springeth, like a shoot, questioning at the foot of truth; which is a thing that thrusteth us towards the summit, on
from ridge to ridge."*

Dante [The Soul Afire, Edited By: H.A. Reinhold] (Thrusting Towards the Summit)



BOOK OF FIRE

Vision of St. Teresa of Avila:

“The entrance seemed to be by a long narrow pass, like a furnace, very low, dark, and close. The ground seemed to be saturated with water, mere mud, exceedingly foul, sending forth pestilential odors, and covered with loathsome vermin. At the end was a hollow place in the wall, like a closet, and in that I saw myself confined. [...]

"I felt a fire in my soul. [...] My bodily sufferings were unendurable. I have undergone most painful sufferings in this life... yet all these were as nothing in comparison with what I felt then, especially when I saw that there would be no intermission, nor any end to them. [...]"

"I did not see who it was that tormented me, but I felt myself on fire, and torn to pieces, as it seemed to me; and, I repeat it, this inward fire and despair are the greatest torments of all. [...]"

"I could neither sit nor lie down: there was no room. I was placed as it were in a hole in the wall; and those walls, terrible to look on of themselves, hemmed me in on every side. I could not breathe. There was no light, but all was thick darkness. [...]"

"I was so terrified by that vision – and that terror is on me even now while I am writing – that though it took place nearly six years ago, the natural warmth of my body is chilled by fear even now when I think of it. [...]"

"It was that vision that filled me with the very great distress which I feel at the sight of so many lost souls, especially of the Lutherans – for they were once members of the Church by baptism – and also gave me the most vehement desires for the salvation of souls; for certainly I believe that, to save even one from those overwhelming torments, I would most willingly endure many deaths."

"There's no repentance in the grave. There is a dreadful Hell, and everlasting pains; There sinners must with devils dwell in darkness, fire, and chains."

Isaac Watts [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet in his back wherein he puts alms for oblivion. A great-sized monster of ingratitudes: These scraps are good deeds past' which are devour'd. As fast as they are made, forgot as soon as done."

William Shakespeare, Troilus and Cressida, Act III, sc. 3, 1, 171 [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. And to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all."

The American Pledge, 1776



BOOK OF THE CHOSEN FALL

Vision of Blessed Santiago de la Voragine:

In the “Golden Legend” of Blessed Santiago de la Vorágine it says that one day St. Macarius the Abbot, a great demon-fighter, found a skull. The saint, after

praying to God, asked who the skull belonged to and where his soul was.

The skull responded that it belonged to a pagan man and that his soul was at the bottom of hell. Then the abbot questioned him about who was below his soul. The skull told him that at the bottom were the souls of "bad Christians" because "during their lives they treated with disregard the blood of Christ with which they were redeemed."

"Sow an act, and you reap a habit. Sow a habit, and you reap a character. Sow a character, and you reap a destiny."

Charles Reade [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]



BOOK OF THE BLOOD OF SOULS

Visions of Sister Josefa Menendez:

"This is my torture...that I want to love and cannot; there is nothing left me but hatred and despair. If one of us could so much as make a single act of love...But we cannot, we live on hatred and malevolence..." (March 23, 1922).

"Some yell because of the martyrdom of their hands. Perhaps they were thieves, for they say: 'Where is our loot now?' ...Cursed hands... Others curse their tongues, their eyes...whatever was the occasion of sin... 'Now, O body, you are paying the price of the delights you granted yourself!...and you did it of your own free will...' (April 2, 1922).

"I saw several souls fall into Hell, and among them was a child of fifteen, cursing her parents for not having taught her to fear God nor that there was a Hell. Her life had been a short one, she said, but full of sin, for she had given in to all that her body and passions demanded in the way of satisfaction..." (March 22, 1923).

"My soul fell into abysmal depths, the bottom of which cannot be seen, for it is immense. . . ; Then I was pushed into one of those fiery cavities and pressed, as it were, between burning planks, and sharp nails and red-hot irons seemed to be piercing my flesh. I felt as if they were endeavoring to pull out my tongue, but could not. This torture reduced me to such agony that my very eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets. I think this was because of the fire which burns, burns. . . not a finger nail escapes terrifying torments, and all the time one cannot move even a finger to gain some relief, not change posture, for the body seems flattened out and [yet] doubled in two. Sounds of confusion and blasphemy cease not for an instant.

A sickening stench asphyxiates and corrupts everything, it is like the burning of putrefied flesh, mingled with tar and sulfur. . . a mixture to which nothing on earth can be compared. . . although these tortures were terrific, they would be bearable if the soul were at peace. But it suffers indescribably. . . All I have written," she concluded, "is but a shadow of what the soul suffers, for no words can express such dire torment." (September 4, 1922).

"Others curse their tongues, their eyes... whatever was the occasion of their sin... 'Now, O body, you are paying the price of the delights you granted yourself!.. and you did it of your own free will...' " (April 2, 1922). (That is, illegitimate delights).

"It seemed to me that the majority accused themselves of sins of impurity, of stealing, of unjust trading; and that most of the damned are in Hell for these sins." (April 6, 1922).

"I saw many worldly people fall into Hell, and no words can render their horrible and terrifying cries: 'Damned forever... I deceived myself; I am lost... I am here forever... There is no remedy possible... a curse on me...'

"Some accused people, others circumstances, and all execrated the occasions of their damnation." (September 1922).

"Today, I saw a vast number of people fall into the fiery pit . . . they seemed to be worldlings and a demon cried vociferously: 'The world is ripe for me . . . I know that the best way to get hold of souls is to rouse their desire for enjoyment . . . Put me first . . . me before the rest . . . no humility for me! but let me enjoy myself . . . This sort of thing assures victory to me . . . and they tumble headlong into hell.' " (October 4, 1923)

"I heard a demon, from whom a soul had escaped, forced to confess his powerlessness. 'Confound it all... how do so many manage to escape me? They were

mine' (and he rattled off their sins)... 'I work hard enough, yet they slip through my fingers... Someone must be suffering and repairing for them.'" (January 15, 1923). ("Repairing," that is, "making reparation" for them).

"Tonight I was transported to a place where all was obscure. . . Around me were seven or eight people; I could see them only by the reflections of the fire. They were seated and were talking together. One said: 'We'll have to be very careful not to be found out, for we might easily be discovered.'

"The devil answered: 'Insinuate yourselves by inducing carelessness in them. . . but keep in the background, so that you are not found out. . . by degrees they will become callous, and you will be able to incline them to evil. Tempt these others to ambition, to self-interest, to acquiring wealth without working, whether it be lawful or not. Excite some to sensuality and love of pleasure. Let vice blind them. . . As to the remainder. . . get in through the heart . . . you know the inclinations of their hearts. . . make them love. . . love passionately. . . work thoroughly. . . take no rest . . . have no pity. Let them cram themselves with food! It will make it all the easier for us. . . Let them get on with their banqueting. Love of pleasure is the door through which you will reach them . . . ' " (February 3, 1923).

"Tonight," wrote Josefa, "I did not go down into Hell, but was transported to a place where all was obscure, but in the center was a red smoldering fire. They had laid me flat and so bound me that I could not make

the slightest movement. Around me were seven or eight people; their black bodies were unclothed, and I could see them only by the reflections of the fire. They were seated and were talking together.

"One said: 'We'll have to be very careful not to be found out, for we might easily be discovered.'

"The devil answered: 'Insinuate yourselves by inducing carelessness in them... but keep in the background, so that you are not found out... by degrees they will become callous, and you will be able to incline them to evil. Tempt these others to ambition, to self-interest, to acquiring wealth without working, whether it be lawful or not. Excite some to sensuality and love of pleasure. Let vice blind them...' (Here they used obscene words).

"As to the remainder... get in through the heart... you know the inclinations of their hearts... make them love... love passionately... work thoroughly.. take no rest... have no pity; the world must go to damnation.. and these souls must not be allowed to escape me.'

"From time to time Satan's satellites answered: 'We are your slaves... we shall labor unceasingly, and in spite of the many who war against us, we shall work night and day. We know your power!'

"They all spoke together, and he whom I took to be Satan used words full of horror. In the distance I could hear a clamor as of feasting, the clinking of glasses... and he cried: 'Let them cram themselves with food! It will make it all the easier for us... Let

them get on with their banqueting. Love of pleasure is the door through which you will reach them...'

"He added such horrible things that they can neither be written nor said. Then, as if engulfed in a whirl of smoke, they vanished." (February 3, 1923).

"The evil one was bewailing the escape of a soul: 'Fill her soul with fear, drive her to despair. All will be lost if she puts her trust in the mercy of that...' (here they used blasphemous words about Our Lord). 'I am lost; but no, drive her to despair; do not leave her for an instant, above all, make her despair.'

"Then Hell re-echoed with frenzied cries, and when finally the devil cast me out of the abyss, he went on threatening me. Among other things he said: 'Is it possible that such weaklings have more power than I, who am mighty... I must conceal my presence, work in the dark; any corner will do from which to tempt them... close to an ear.. in the leaves of a book... under a bed... some pay no attention to me, but I shall talk and talk... and by dint of suggestion, something will remain.. Yes, I must hide in unsuspected places.'" (February 7, 8, 1923).

Again, she wrote: "Souls were cursing the vocation they had received, but not followed... the vocation they had lost, because they were unwilling to live a hidden and mortified life..." (March 18, 1922).

"On one occasion when I was in Hell, I saw a great many priests, religious and nuns, cursing their vows, their order, their Superiors and everything that could

have given them the light and the grace they had lost...

"I saw, too, some prelates. One accused himself of having used the goods belonging to the Church illicitly..." (September 28, 1922).

"Priests were calling down maledictions on their tongues which had consecrated, on their fingers that had held Our Lord's Sacred Body, on the absolution they had given while they were losing their own souls, and on the occasion through which they had fallen into Hell." (April 6, 1922).

"One priest said: 'I ate poison, for I used money that was not my own... the money given me for Masses which I did I not offer.'

"Another said he belonged to a secret society which had betrayed the Church and religion, and he had been bribed to connive at terrible profanations and sacrileges.

"Yet another said that he was damned for assisting at profane plays, after which he ought not to have said Mass... and that he had spent about seven years thus."

Josefa noted that the greater number of religious plunged into hell-fire were there for abominable sins against chastity... and for sins against the vow of poverty... for the unauthorized use of the goods of the community... for passions against charity (jealousy, antipathies, hatred, etc.), for tepidity and relaxation; also for comforts they had allowed themselves and which had led to graver sins... for bad confessions

through human respect and want of sincerity and courage, etc.

Here, finally, is the full text of Josefa's notes on **"the hell of consecrated souls."** (Biography: Ch. VII--September 4, 1922).

"The meditation of the day was on the Particular Judgment of religious souls. I could not free my mind of the thought of it, in spite of the oppression which I felt. Suddenly, I felt myself bound and overwhelmed by a crushing weight, so that in an instant I saw more clearly than ever before how stupendous is the sanctity of God and His detestation of sin.

"I saw in a flash my whole life since my first confession to this day. All was vividly present to me: my sins, the graces I had received, the day I entered religion, my clothing as a novice, my first vows, my spiritual readings, and times of prayer, the advice given me, and all the helps of religious life. Impossible to describe the confusion and shame a soul feels at that moment, when it realizes: 'All is lost, and I am damned forever.'"

As in her former descents into Hell, Josefa never accused herself of any specific sin that might have led to such a calamity. Our Lord meant her only to feel what the consequences would have been, if she had merited such a punishment. She wrote:

"Instantly I found myself in Hell, but not dragged there as before. The soul precipitates itself there, as if

to hide from God in order to be free to hate and curse Him.

"My soul fell into abysmal depths, the bottom of which cannot be seen, for it is immense... at once, I heard other souls jeering and rejoicing at seeing me share their torments. It was martyrdom enough to hear the terrible imprecations on all sides, but what can be compared to the thirst to curse that seizes on a soul, and the more one curses, the more one wants to. Never had I felt the like before. Formerly my soul had been oppressed with grief at hearing these horrible blasphemies, though unable to produce even one act of love. But today it was otherwise.

"I saw Hell as always before, the long dark corridors, the cavities, the flames... I heard the same execrations and imprecations, for--and of this I have already written before--although no corporeal forms are visible, the torments are felt as if they were present, and souls recognize each other. Some called out, 'Hullo, you here? And are you like us? We were free to take those vows or not... but no!...' and they cursed their vows.

"Then I was pushed into one of those fiery cavities and pressed, as it were, between burning planks, and sharp nails and red-hot irons seemed to be piercing my flesh."

Here Josefa repeated the multiple tortures from which no single member of the body is excluded:

"I felt as if they were endeavoring to pull out my tongue, but could not. This torture reduced me to such agony that my very eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets. I think this was because of the fire which burns, burns... not a finger-nail escapes terrifying torments, and all the time one cannot move even a finger to gain some relief, nor change posture, for the body seems flattened out and yet doubled in two.

"All this I felt as before, and although those tortures were terrific, they would be bearable if the soul were at peace. But it suffers indescribably. Until now, when I went down into Hell, I thought that I had been damned for abandoning religious life. But this time it was different. I bore a special mark, a sign that I was a religious, a soul who had known and loved God, and there were others who bore the same sign. I cannot say how I recognized it, perhaps because of the specially insulting manner in which the evil spirits and other damned souls treated them. There were many priests there, too. This particular suffering I am unable to explain. It was quite different from what I had experienced at other times, for if the souls of those who lived in the world suffer terribly, infinitely worse are the torments of religious. Unceasingly the three words, Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, are imprinted on the soul with poignant remorse.

"Poverty: You were free and you promised! Why, then, did you seek that comfort? Why hold on to that object which did not belong to you? Why did you give that pleasure to your body? Why allow yourself

to dispose of the property of the Community? Did you not know that you no longer had the right to possess anything whatsoever, that you had freely renounced the use of those things?... Why did you murmur when anything was wanting to you, or when you fancied yourself less well treated than others? Why?

"Chastity: You yourself vowed it freely and with full knowledge of its implications... you bound yourself.. you willed it... and how have you observed it? That being so, why did you not remain where it would have been lawful for you to grant yourself pleasures and enjoyment?

"And the tortured soul responds: 'Yes, I vowed it; I was free... I could have not taken the vow, but I took it and I was free...' What words can express the martyrdom of such remorse," wrote Josefa, "and all the time the jibes and insults of other damned souls continue.

"Obedience: Did you not fully engage yourself to obey your Rule and your Superiors? Why, then, did you pass judgment on the orders that were given you? Why did you disobey the Rule? Why did you dispense yourself from common life? Remember how sweet was the Rule... and you would not keep it... and now," vociferate satanic voices, "you will have to obey us not for a day or a year, or a century, but forever and ever; for all eternity... It is your own doing... you were free.

"The soul constantly recalls how she had chosen her God for her Spouse, and that once she loved Him above all things... that for Him she had renounced the most legitimate pleasures and all she held dearest on earth, that in the beginning of her religious life she had felt all the purity, sweetness and strength of this divine love, and that for an inordinate passion... now she must eternally hate the God who had chosen her to love Him.

"This forced hatred is a thirst that consumes her... no past joys can afford her the slightest relief.

"One of her greatest torments is shame," added Josefa. "It seems to her that all the damned surrounding her continually taunt her by saying: 'That we should be lost who never had the helps that you enjoyed is not surprising... but you... what did you lack? You who lived in the palace of the King... who feasted at the board of the elect.'

"All I have written," she concluded, "is but a shadow of what the soul suffers, for no words can express such dire torments." (September 4, 1922)."

The Way of Divine Love, Sr. Josefa Menendez

"Therefore take unto you the armour of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of justice, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace: In all things taking the shield of faith, wherewith you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto

*you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the
Spirit (which is the word of God)."*

The Holy Bible, Ephesians 6:13-17

*"Ultimately, man's eternal destiny-Heaven or Hell-is
determined by whether or not he acts honestly in
accordance with the dictates of his conscience and
whether or not he has formed his conscience
properly."*

Hell, Fr. F.X. Schouppe, S.J. (Chapter X, The Role of Conscience)
[Copyright 1989 By: Thomas A. Nelson]



BOOK OF THE DEATH OF THE FORMER ELECT

Vision of Vassula Ryden:

"I saw myself underground. It looked like an underground cave, dark; lit only by fire. It was damp and the ground sticky. I saw several souls in a row. They were tied and only their heads shown, faces of agony. It was very noisy, it sounded like iron machines at work. Lots of clamouring, hammerings, shrieks, it was very busy. In front of those heads was someone standing his hand outstretch and inside his palm was lava his arm waved from right to left, pouring (splashing) the hot lava across those faces which were swelled up from burns. Suddenly this man who I understood was Satan noticed our presence, and turned around.

(Satan speaks:) "Look at her!" and he spat on the ground with disgust and fury, at the sight of Jesus'

presence and mine, "miserable worm, look at her we even have worms nowadays. coming to suck out our blood, go and f--- off." He said to me: "Look," and he threw hot lava again across those faces. I heard them cry out "Oh let us die ..." Then Satan, who looked exactly like a mad-man, fuming with rage called out: "Creatures of the earth hear me to meeee you will come!" I just thought that although he was menacing he was a fool to believe that in the end he would win. He must have read my thoughts of contempt and very menacingly said: "I am not a fool!" then he with a malicious laugh and with irony said, to those poor souls: "Have you heard, she called me a fool," then with sarcasm ... "Dear beloved souls I will make you pay for her sayings."

He was ready to take new lava to throw. I turned to Jesus in despair, asking Him to do something! To stop him! Jesus replied:)

I will stop him;

(The minute S. had lifted his arm to throw the lava it gave him great pain and he screeched with pain; cursing Jesus; then to me, "Witch, goooo, yes, go, leave us!" Voices from souls, found at the gates of hell were crying: "Save us, save us." Then someone came forward, I understood it was one of Satan's adepts and he (S.) asked him: "Are you on your duty? Are you doing what I have asked you to do? Hurt her, destroy her, discourage her." I knew S. was referring me. He wanted this demon to discourage me meeting Jesus, by giving the wrong word, or destroying the

message I get. I asked Jesus if we could leave. He said:)

I want My children to understand that their souls live and that evil exists; all that is written in My Blessed Word is not a myth; Satan exists and seeks to ruin your souls; I suffer to see you slumbering and unaware of his existence; I come giving you warnings, giving you signs, but how many of you will read My warnings like fairy-tales?

beloved, I am your Saviour; do not deny My word, turn to Me and feel the pangs of love I have for you; why, why are you so willing to thrust yourselves at Satan's feet?

O come all of you who believe no more in Me; come to Me all who have forsaken Me; come and behold, for this is the time to listen; all you who wound My Soul arise, revive, and see My Light; do not fear Me, I have forgiven you; I will take your sins and My Blood will wash them; I will condone your weakness and forgive you; come and absorb the dew of righteousness, restoring your souls which are heading for perdition; I come to look for you, I come in search of My lost sheep; will I, as the Good Shepherd, see you lost and remain indifferent?

listen to Me and repeat after Me,

**"O Holy Father,
by Thy Power and with Thy Mercy,
I implore You, gather all your sheep,
forgive them and let them return to Your Beloved
Home,**

**look upon them as your children
and with Thy Hand bless them, amen"
come in My Heart, for therein is profound Peace;"**

***"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is
eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."***

The Holy Bible, Romans 6:23



An Aborted Baby

BOOK OF ABORTION

Visions of Benedicta:

“Mary appeared in Laus in France to a young girl named Benedicta, born in Saint-Étienne d'Avançon (in the southern French Alps), and suffered the death of her father when she was 7-years old. She never learned to read or write and her only education came from the homilies at Sunday Mass.

During the Apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary, she asked Benedicta to admonish women and girls about living lives of scandal, especially those who commit abortion, the unjust wealthy and perverse.

She also encouraged priests and religious to be faithful to their vows.

The Virgin Mary in Laus thought a valuable lesson in Laus. The message of the Blessed Virgin at Laus must be heard. Abortion is murder.

When Mary bore Jesus, did she let Jesus be aborted? No! Mary preserved Jesus from danger. Mary is a model to all women, she must be heard.

Our Lady of Laus, pray for us!"

"Jesus turned to them and said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me. Weep for yourselves and for your children. The days are coming when they will say, 'Happy are the sterile, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.' Then they will begin saying to the mountains, 'Fall on us,' and to the hills, 'Cover us.' If they do these things in the green wood, what will happen in the dry?"

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Luke 23:28-31



BOOK OF IMPRISONED SOULS

Vision of Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“WHEN Jesus, after uttering a loud cry, expired, I saw his heavenly soul under the form of a bright meteor pierce the earth at the foot of the Cross, accompanied by the angel Gabriel and many other angels. His Divine nature continued united to his soul as well as to his body, which still remained hanging upon the Cross, but I cannot explain how this was, although I saw it plainly in my own mind. The place into which the soul of Jesus entered was divided into three parts, which appeared to me like three worlds;

and I felt that they were round, and that each division was separated from the other by a hemisphere.

I beheld a bright and beautiful space opposite to Limbo; it was enamelled with flowers, delicious breezes wafted through it; and many souls were placed there before being admitted into Heaven after their deliverance from Purgatory. Limbo, the place where the souls were waiting for the Redemption, was divided into different compartments, and encompassed by a thick foggy atmosphere. Our Lord appeared radiant with light and surrounded by angels, who conducted him triumphantly between two of these compartments; the one on the left containing the patriarchs who lived before the time of Abraham, and that on the right those who lived between the days of Abraham and St. John Baptist. These souls did not at first recognise Jesus, but were filled nevertheless with sensations of joy and hope. There was not a spot in those narrow confines which did not, as it were, dilate with feelings of happiness. The passage of Jesus might be compared to the wafting of a breath of air, to a sudden flash of light, or to a shower of vivifying dew, but it was swift as a whirlwind. After passing through the two compartments, he reached a dark spot in which Adam and Eve were standing; he spoke to them, they prostrated and adored him in a perfect ecstasy of joy, and they immediately joined the band of angels, and accompanied our Lord to the compartment on the left, which contained the patriarchs who lived before Abraham. This compartment was a species of Purgatory, and a few evil spirits were wandering about among the souls and endeavouring to fill them

with anxiety and alarm. The entrance through a species of door was closed, but the angels rapped, and I thought I heard them say, 'Open these doors.' When Jesus entered in triumph the demons dispersed, crying out at the same time, 'What is there between thee and us? What art thou come to do here? Wilt thou crucify us likewise?' The angels hunted them away, having first chained them. The poor souls confined in this place had only a slight presentiment and vague idea of the presence of Jesus; but the moment he told them that it was he himself, they burst out into acclamations of joy, and welcomed him with hymns of rapture and delight. The soul of our Lord then wended its way to the right, towards that part which really constituted Limbo; and there he met the soul of the good thief which angels were carrying to Abraham's bosom, as also that of the bad thief being dragged by demons into Hell. Our Lord addressed a few words to both, and then entered Abraham's bosom, accompanied by numerous angels and holy souls, and also by those demons who had been chained and expelled from the compartment."

"Opposing one species of superstition to another, set them a quarrelling; while we ourselves, during their fury and contention, happily make our escape into the calm, though obscure, regions of philosophy."

David Hume [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]



BOOK OF THE EARTHBOUND

Vision of Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“This locality appeared to me more elevated than the surrounding parts; and I can only describe my sensations on entering it, by comparing them to those of a person coming suddenly into the interior of a church, after having been for some time in the burial vaults. The demons, who were strongly chained, were extremely loath to enter, and resisted to the utmost of their power, but the angels compelled them to go forward. All the just who had lived before the time of Christ were assembled there; the patriarch; Moses, the judges, and the kings on the left-hand side; and on the right side, the prophets, and the ancestors of our Lord, as also his near relations, such as Joachim, Anna, Joseph, Zacharias, Elizabeth, and John. There were no demons in this place, and the only discomfort that had been felt by those placed there

was a longing desire for the accomplishment of the promise; and when our Lord entered they saluted him with joyful hymns of gratitude and thanksgiving for its fulfilment, they prostrated and adored him, and the evil spirits who had been dragged into Abraham's bosom when our Lord entered were compelled to confess with shame that they were vanquished. Many of these holy souls were ordered by our Lord to return to the earth, re-enter their own bodies, and thus render a solemn and impressive testimony to the truth. It was at this moment that so many dead persons left their tombs in Jerusalem; I regarded them less in the light of dead persons risen again than as corpses put in motion by a divine power, and which, after having fulfilled the mission intrusted to them, were laid aside in the same manner as the insignia of office are taken off by a clerk when he has executed the orders of his superiors.

I next saw our Lord, with his triumphant procession, enter into a species of Purgatory which was filled with those good pagans who, having had a faint glimmering of the truth, had longed for its fulfilment: this Purgatory was very deep, and contained a few demons, as also some of the idols of the pagans. I saw the demons compelled to confess the deception they had practised with regard to these idols, and the souls of the poor pagans cast themselves at the feet of Jesus, and adored him with inexpressible joy: here, likewise, the demons were bound with chains and dragged away. I saw our Saviour perform many other actions; but I suffered so intensely at the same time, that I cannot recount them as I should have wished."

"Do not lay up yourselves an earthly treasure. Moths and rust corrode; thieves break in and steal. Make it your practice instead to store up heavenly treasure, which neither moths nor rust corrode nor thieves break in and steal. Remember, where your treasure is, there your heart is also."

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of Matthew 6:19-21

"Be assured, ye who seek that true peace promised to a future life, that you may here enjoy it by anticipation, if you will but love and keep the commandments of Him who promises this reward; for you will soon find by experience that the fruits of justice are sweeter than those of iniquity. You will learn that the joys of virtue, even in the midst of trials and misfortunes, far exceed all the delights of pleasure and prosperity accompanied by the remorse of a bad conscience."

Saint Augustine (The Sinner's Guide, Venerable Louis of Granada) [Copyright 1883, Tan Books and Publishers, C.H. McKenna]

"If there is righteousness in the heart there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. When there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."

Chinese Proverb [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Peace)



BOOK OF SIN CITY

Vision of Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“Finally, I beheld him approach to the centre of the great abyss, that is to say, to Hell itself; and the expression of his countenance was most severe.

The exterior of Hell was appalling and frightful; it was an immense, heavy-looking building, and the granite of which it was formed, although black, was of metallic brightness; and the dark and ponderous doors were secured with such terrible bolts that no one could behold them without trembling. Deep groans and cries of despair might be plainly distinguished even while the doors were tightly closed; but, Oh, who can describe the dreadful yells and shrieks which burst upon the ear when the bolts

were unfastened and the doors flung open; and, Oh, who can depict the melancholy appearance of the inhabitants of this wretched place!"

"Fight the good fight of faith. Take firm hold on the everlasting life to which you are called when, in the presence of many witnesses, you made your noble profession of faith."

The Holy Bible, First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy 6:12



BOOK OF THE LOST

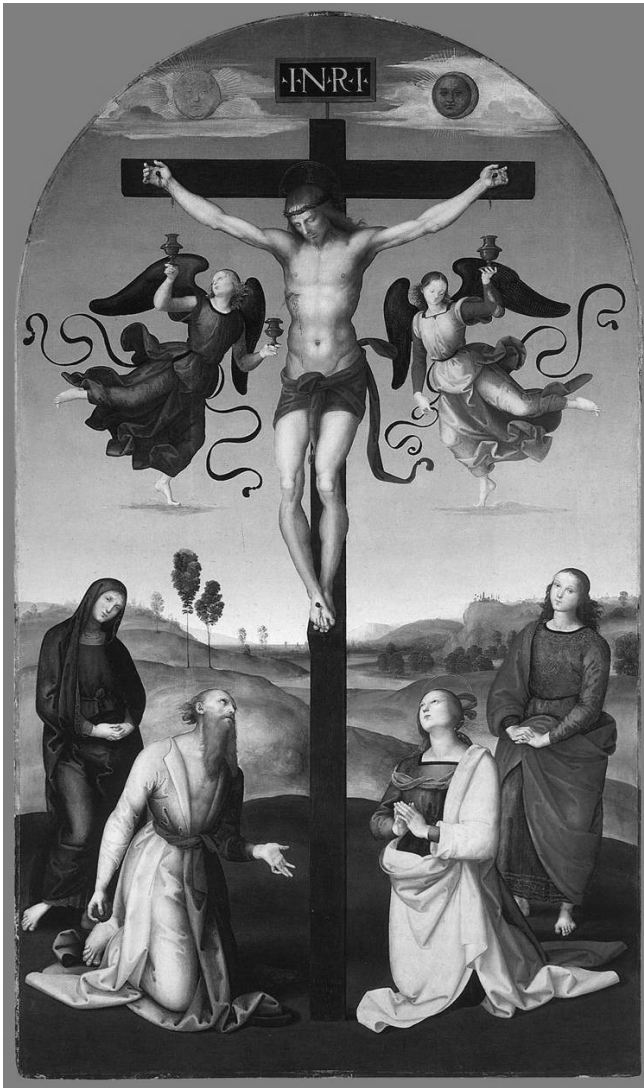
Vision of Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“The form under which the Heavenly Jerusalem is generally represented in my visions is that of a beautiful and well-regulated city, and the different degrees of glory to which the elect are raised are demonstrated by the magnificence of their palaces, or the wonderful fruit and flowers with which the gardens are embellished. Hell is shown to me under the same form, but all within it is, on the contrary, close, confused, and crowded; every object tends to fill the mind with sensations of pain and grief; the marks of the wrath and vengeance of God are visible everywhere; despair, like a vulture, gnaws every heart, and discord and misery reign around. In the Heavenly Jerusalem all is peace and eternal harmony, the beginning, fulfilment, and end of everything

being pure and perfect happiness; the city is filled with splendid buildings, decorated in such a manner as to charm every eye and enrapture every sense; the inhabitants of this delightful abode are overflowing with rapture and exultation, the gardens gay with lovely flowers, and the trees covered with delicious fruits which give eternal life. In the city of Hell nothing is to be seen but dismal dungeons, dark caverns, frightful deserts, fetid swamps filled with every imaginable species of poisonous and disgusting reptile. In Heaven you behold the happiness and peaceful union of the saints; in Hell, perpetual scenes of wretched discord, and every species of sin and corruption, either under the most horrible forms imaginable, or represented by different kinds of dreadful torments. All in this dreary abode tends to fill the mind with horror; not a word of comfort is heard or a consoling idea admitted; the one tremendous thought, that the justice of an all-powerful God inflicts on the damned nothing but what they have fully deserved is the absorbing tremendous conviction which weighs down each heart. Vice appears in its own, grim disgusting colours, being stripped of the mask under which it is hidden in this world, and the infernal viper is seen devouring those who have cherished or fostered it here below. In a word, Hell is the temple of anguish and despair, while the kingdom of God is the temple of peace and happiness. This is easy to understand when seen; but it is almost impossible to describe clearly.

"We are not to make the ideas of contentment and aspiration quarrel, for God made them fast friends.-A man may aspire, and yet be quite content until it is time to rise; and both flying and resting are but parts of one contentment. The very fruit of the gospel is aspiration. It is to the heart what spring is to the earth, making every root, and bud, and bough desire to be more."

Henry Ward Beecher [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]
(Aspiration)



BOOK OF THE BETRAYER

Vision of Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“The tremendous explosion of oaths, curses, cries of despair, and frightful exclamations which, like a clap of thunder, burst forth when the gates of Hell were thrown open by the angels, would be difficult even to imagine; our Lord spoke first to the soul of Judas, and the angels then compelled all the demons to acknowledge and adore Jesus. They would have infinitely preferred the most frightful torments to such a humiliation; but all were obliged to submit. Many were chained down in a circle which was placed round other circles. In the centre of Hell I saw a dark and horrible-looking abyss, and into this Lucifer was cast, after being first strongly secured with chains; thick clouds of sulphurous black smoke arose from its fearful depths, and enveloped his frightful form in the dismal folds, thus effectually concealing him from every beholder. God himself had decreed this; and I was likewise told, if I remember rightly that he will be unchained for a time fifty or sixty years before the year of Christ 2000. The dates of many other events were pointed out to me which I do not now remember; but a certain number of demons are to be let loose much earlier than Lucifer, in order to tempt men, and to serve as instruments of the divine vengeance. I should think that some must be loosened even in the present day, and others will be set free in a short time.

It would be utterly impossible for me to describe all the things which were shown to me; their number was so great that I could not reduce them sufficiently to order to define and render them intelligible. Besides which my sufferings are very great, and when I speak on the subject of my visions I behold them in

my mind's eye portrayed in such vivid colours, that the sight is almost sufficient to cause a weak mortal like myself to expire.

"The real problem is in the hearts and minds of men. It is not a problem of physics but of ethics. It is easier to denature plutonium than to denature the evil spirit of man."

Albert Einstein [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)



BOOK OF THE REDEEMED

Vision of Anne Catherine Emmerich:

“I next saw **innumerable bands of redeemed souls liberated from Purgatory** and from Limbo, who followed our Lord to a delightful spot situated above the celestial Jerusalem, in which place I, a very short time ago, saw the soul of a person who was very dear to me. The soul of the good thief was likewise taken there, and the promise of our Lord, *‘This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise,’* was fulfilled.

It is not in my power to explain the exact time that each of these events occurred, nor can I relate one-half

of the things which I saw and heard; for some were incomprehensible even to myself, and others would be misunderstood if I attempted to relate them. I have seen our Lord in many different places. Even in the sea he appeared to me to sanctify and deliver everything in the creation. Evil spirits fled at his approach, and cast themselves into the dark abyss. I likewise beheld his soul in different parts of the earth, first inside the tomb of Adam, under Golgotha; and when he was there the souls of Adam and Eve came up to him, and he spoke to them for some time. He then visited the tombs of the prophets who were buried at an immense depth below the surface; but he passed through the soil in the twinkling of an eye. Their souls immediately re-entered their bodies, and he spoke to them and explained the most wonderful mysteries. Next I saw him, accompanied by a chosen band of prophets, among whom I particularly remarked David, visit those parts of the earth which had been sanctified by his miracles and by his sufferings. He pointed out to them, with the greatest love and goodness, the different symbols in the old law expressive of the future; and he showed them how he himself had fulfilled every prophecy. The sight of the soul of our Lord, surrounded by these happy souls, and radiant with light, was inexpressibly grand as he glided triumphantly through the air, sometimes passing, with the velocity of lightning, over rivers, then penetrating through the hardest rocks to the very centre of the earth, or moving noiselessly over its surface.

*"Too late I came to love thee, O thou Beauty so
ancient and so fresh, yea too late I came to love thee.*

*And behold, thou wert within me, and I out of myself,
where I made search for thee."*

St. Augustine [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]



BOOK OF THE MYSTERIOUS TREE

Vision of Anne Catherine Emmerich::

“I can remember nothing beyond the facts which I have just related concerning the descent of Jesus into Limbo, where he went in order to present to the souls there detained the grace of the Redemption which he had merited for them by his death and by his sufferings; and I saw all these things in a very short space of time; in fact, time passed so quickly that it seemed to me but a moment. Our Lord, however, displayed before me, at the same time, another picture, in which I beheld the immense mercies which

he bestows in the present day on the poor souls in Purgatory; for on every anniversary of this great day, when his Church is celebrating the glorious mystery of his death, he casts a look of compassion on the souls in Purgatory, and frees some of those who sinned against him before his crucifixion. I this day saw Jesus deliver many souls; some I was acquainted with, and others were strangers to me, but I cannot name any of them.

Our Lord, by descending into Hell, planted (if I may thus express myself), in the spiritual garden of the Church, a mysterious tree, the fruits of which—namely, his merits—are destined for the constant relief of the poor souls in Purgatory. The Church militant must cultivate the tree, and gather its fruits, in order to present them to that suffering portion of the Church which can do nothing for itself. Thus it is with all the merits of Christ; we must labour with him if we wish to obtain our share of them; we must gain our bread by the sweat of our brow. Everything which our Lord has done for us in time must produce fruit for eternity; but we must gather these fruits in time, without which we cannot possess them in eternity. The Church is the most prudent and thoughtful of mothers; the ecclesiastical year is an immense and magnificent garden, in which all those fruits for eternity are gathered together, that we may make use of them in time. Each year contains sufficient to supply the wants of all; but woe be to that careless or dishonest gardener who allows any of the fruit committed to his care to perish; if he fails to turn to a proper account those graces which would restore health to the sick, strength to the weak, or

furnish food to the hungry! When the Day of Judgment arrives, the Master of the garden will demand a strict account, not only of every tree, but also of all the fruit produced in the garden.

"There is nothing evil save that which perverts the mind and shackles the conscience."

St. Ambrose: *Hexaem* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]



BOOK OF SATAN'S DISGUISES

Vision of St. Teresa of Avila:

"Once, while approaching to receive Communion, I saw with my soul's eyes more clearly than with my bodily eyes two devils whose appearance was abominable. It seems to me their horns were wrapped around the poor priest's throat, and in the host that was going to be given to me I saw my Lord with the majesty I mentioned placed in the priest's

hands, which were clearly seen to be His offender's; and I understood that that soul was in mortal sin. What would it be my Lord, to see Your beauty in the midst of such abominable figures? They were as though frightened and terrified in Your presence, for it seems they would have very eagerly fled had You allowed them. This vision caused me such great disturbance I don't know how I was able to receive Communion, and I was left with a great fear, thinking that if the vision had been from God, His Majesty would not have permitted me to see the evil that was in that soul. **The Lord Himself told me to pray for him and that He had permitted it so that I might understand the power of the words of consecration and how God does not fail to be present,** however evil the priest who recites them, and that I might see His great goodness since He places Himself in those hands of His enemy, and all out of love for me and for everyone. I understood well how much more priests are obliged to be good than are others, how deplorable a thing it is to receive this most Blessed Sacrament unworthily, and **how much the devil is lord over the soul in mortal sin.** It did me a great deal of good and brought me deep understanding of what I owed God. May He be blessed forever and ever."

"When the devil gets himself into the church, he seats himself on the altar."

Dutch Proverb [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

"To believe something not yet proved and to underwrite it with our lives: it is the only way we can keep the future open. Man, surrounded by facts,

***no great hypothesis, no risk, is in a locked cell.
Ignorance cannot seal the mind and imagination
more securely."***

Lillian Smith: The Journey, The Cresset Press [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead] (Faith)

***"Fate has written a tragedy; its name is 'The Human
Heart.'"***

Robert William Service: The Harpy st. 12, Ryerson Press [12,000 Inspirational
Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

***"The Devil entangles youth with beauty, the miser
with gold, the ambitious with power, the learned
with false doctrine."***

Henry George Bohn: Handbook of Proverbs [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

***"What I am doing is sending you out like sheep
among wolves. You must be clever as snakes and
innocent as doves. Be on your guard with respect to
others . . . You will be hated by all on account of me . .
. If they call the head of the house Beelzebub, how
much more the members of his household! Do not let
them intimidate you. Nothing is concealed that will
not be revealed, and nothing hidden that will not
become known. What I tell you in darkness, speak in
the light."***

The Holy Bible, Matthew 10:16 - 27



BOOK OF TEMPTATION

Vision of St. Teresa of Avila:

"Deals with some exterior temptations and representations of the devil and the torments he

inflicted on her. Treats also of some matters very beneficial for advising persons who journey on the path of perfection.

1. Now that I've mentioned some interior, secret temptations and disturbances the devil caused me, I want to tell about others he caused almost publicly and in which one could not be mistaken that he was the source.

2. I was once in an oratory, and he appeared to me in an abominable form at my left side. Because he spoke to me, I looked particularly at his mouth-which was frightening. It seemed that a great flame, all bright without shadow, came forth from his body. He told me in a terrifying way that I had really freed myself from his hands but that he would catch me with them again. I was struck with great fear and blessed myself as best I could; he disappeared, but returned right away. This happened to me twice. I didn't know what to do. There was some holy water there, and I threw it in that direction; he never returned again.

3. Another time I was tormented for five hours with such terrible interior and exterior pains and disturbance that it didn't seem to me I could suffer them any longer. The sisters who were with me were frightened and didn't know what to do, nor did I know how to help myself. When bodily pains and sickness become intolerable I have the custom of making interior acts of supplication to the Lord as best I can, that if His Majesty be served by my doing so He might give me patience and I might remain in this state until the end of the world. Well, since I was

suffering so severely this time, I was helping myself through these acts and resolutions so as to be able to bear it. **The Lord wanted me to understand it was the devil because I saw beside me a black, very abominable little creature, snarling like one in despair that where he had tried to gain he had lost.** When I saw him I laughed to myself and was not afraid. There were some sisters there with me who were unable to help nor did they know of any remedy for so much torment; without being able to resist, I was striking myself hard on the body, head, and arms. What was worse was the interior disturbance, for I wasn't able to feel calm of any sort. I didn't dare ask for holy water lest I frighten them and they come to understand what the trouble was.

4. I often experience that there is nothing the devils flee from more-without returning-than holy water. They also flee from the cross, but they return. The power of holy water must be great. For me there is a particular and very noticeable consolation my soul experiences upon taking it. Without a doubt my soul feels ordinarily a refreshment I wouldn't know how to explain, like an interior delight that comforts it entirely. This isn't some fancy or something that has happened to me only once, but something that has happened often and that I've observed carefully. Let us say the relief is like that coming to a person, very hot and thirsty, when he drinks a jar of cold water; it would seem that he felt the refreshment all over. *I consider everything ordained by the Church to be important, and I rejoice to see the power of those words recited over the water so that its difference from unblessed water becomes so great.*

5. Well, since the torment didn't stop, I said: "If you wouldn't laugh, I'd ask for holy water." They brought it to me and sprinkled some on me, but it didn't help. I threw some toward where the devil was, and instantly he went away and all the illness left me as if it were taken away by hand, except that I remained weary as though I had been badly beaten with a stick. It did me a lot of good to reflect upon what he will do to the soul he possesses as his own if even when the soul and body don't belong to him, he causes so much harm-when the Lord permits. It made me again eager to be freed from such dreadful company.

6. Another time, not long ago, the same thing happened to me; although it didn't last as long, and I was alone. I called for holy water, and those who entered after the devil had already gone (for they were two nuns well worthy of belief, who would by no means tell a lie) **smelled a foul stench like that of brimstone**. I didn't smell it. It so lingered that one could notice it.

Another time I was in the choir, and there came upon me a strong impulse toward recollection. I left the choir so that the others wouldn't notice, although all of them heard the striking of loud blows near the place where I was; **I heard some coarse words next to me as though the devils were plotting something**, although I didn't understand anything nor did I have any fear. It happened, almost every time, when the Lord granted me the favor of persuading some soul to advance in perfection.

7. It is certain that what I shall now tell happened to me. (And there are many witnesses to this, especially the one who is now my confessor since he saw it written in a letter; without my telling him who the person was to whom the letter belonged, he knew very well who it was.)

A person came to me who had been in mortal sin for two and a half years. It was one of the most abominable I've heard of, and in all this time he hadn't confessed or made amends; and he was saying Mass. Although he was confessing other sins, of this one he asked how he could confess something so ugly. He had a great desire to give it up, but he wasn't able to help himself. He made me feel great pity, and my seeing that he offended God in such a way caused me deep sorrow. I promised him I would beg God very much to liberate him and that I would beg God very much to liberate him and that I would get others better than myself to do the same, and I wrote to him through a certain person he told me I could give the letters to. And so it happened that after receiving the first letter he went to confession. For God desired (through the many very holy persons to whose prayers I recommended him) to grant this soul that mercy; and I, although miserable, did what I could with great care. He wrote to me that he was so much better that for days he had not fallen into the sin, but that the torment the temptation gave him was so intense it seemed from what he suffered he was in hell; he asked me to commend him to God. I in turn recommended him to my sisters through whose prayers the Lord must have granted me this favor, for

they took the matter very much to heart. No one could guess who the person was. **I begged His Majesty to mitigate those torments and temptations and that those devils would come to afflict me, provided that I would not offend the Lord in anything. As a result, for a month I suffered severe torments;** it was during this time that these two things I mentioned happened.

8. The Lord was pleased that they leave him; this he wrote to me, for I told him what I was going through during that month. His soul was fortified, and he was left completely free. He didn't have enough of thanking God and me as though I had done anything. But the reputation I had from the fact that the Lord granted me favors benefitted him. He said that when he found himself very distressed he read my letters, and the temptation left him. He was very impressed by what I had suffered and how he had been freed. Even I was amazed, and I would have suffered many more years to see that soul free. May the Lord be praised for everything, for the prayer of those who serve Him (as I believe do these sisters in this house) can do much. But since I sought these prayers, the devils must have been more angry with me; and the Lord on account of my sins permitted this."

"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it."

Augustus William and Julius Charles Hare [12,000 Inspirational Quotations,
Frank S. Mead]

"Enter through the narrow gate. The gate that leads to damnation is wide, the road is clear, and many

choose to travel it. But how narrow is the gate that leads to life, how rough the road, and how few there are who find it."

The Holy Bible, Matthew 7:13 - 14



BOOK OF THE STINKING PIT

Vision of Venerable Bede:

"A certain man," says Ven. Bede, "fell sick and died in the beginning of the night. Next morning, early, he

suddenly came to life again, and sat up. He told the people what he had seen.

'I was led,' he said, 'into a dark place. When I came into it, the darkness grew so thick that I could see nothing but the form of him who led me. I saw a great many balls of black fire rising up out of a deep pit and falling back again. I saw that there were souls shut up in these balls of fire.

The smell which came out of the pit was unbearable. He who led me into this place went away. So I stood there in great fright, not knowing what to do. All at once I heard behind me voices crying and lamenting most fearfully.

I heard other voices mocking and laughing. These voices came nearer and nearer to me, and grew louder and louder. Then I saw that those who were laughing and rejoicing were devils. These devils were dragging along with them souls of men which were howling and lamenting. Amongst them I saw a man and a woman. The devils dragged these souls down into the pit, I could not hear their voices so well.

After a while, some of these dark spirits came up again from the flaming pit. They ran forward and came round me. I was terribly frightened by their flaming eyes, and the stinking fire which came out of their mouths and nostrils. They seemed as if they would lay hold of me with burning tongs, which they held in their hands. I looked around me for help. Just then I saw something like a star shining in the darkness.

The light came from him who had brought me into this place. When he came near, the devils went away.

Then he said: 'That fiery, stinking pit which you saw is the mouth of hell, and whosoever goes into it shall never come out again. Go back to your body and live among men again. Examine your actions well, and speak and behave so that you may be with the blessed in heaven.' When he had said this, on a sudden, I found myself alive again amongst men."

The Sight of Hell, By Father John Furtiss

"I saw the dead, the great and the lowly, standing before the throne. Lastly among the scrolls, the book of the living was opened. The dead were judged according to their conduct as recorded on the scrolls.

The sea gave up its dead; then death and the netherworld gave up their dead. Each person was judged according to his conduct. Then death and the netherworld were hurled into the pool of fire, which is the second death; anyone whose name was not found inscribed in the book of the living was hurled into this pool of fire."

The Holy Bible, Revelations 20:12 - 15

"Once a link is forged with someone, you may use the link to feed from them at a distance. The deeper and stronger the link, the more efficiently you can draw energy through it. With most such connections, you do not even have to concentrate to draw forth from the person. To a certain extent, you are in constant contact with that person, and while the energy you gain from them passively is only minimal, a number of such connections with various people will help

sustain you in times of need as well as prolong the time you can go between more active feedings."

The Vampire Codex: Feeding Through Links, Michele Belanger, Modern Day Vampire

"We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves."

Joseph Francois Eduard Desmahis [12,000 Inspirational Quotations] (Evil)

"A beast is but like itself, but an evil man is half a beast and half a devil."

Joseph Hall (Bishop of Norwich) *Meditations and Vows*, II [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"It has been the cross of Christ which has revealed to good men that their goodness has not been good enough."

Johan Hieronymus Schroeder [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"It may take a crucified church to bring a crucified Christ before the eyes of the world."

W.E. Orchard: The Temple [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"Our battle is not against human forces but against the principalities and powers, the rulers of this world of darkness, the evil spirits in regions above. You must put on the armor of God if you are to resist on the evil day; do all that your duty requires, and hold your ground. Stand fast, with the truth as the belt around your waist, justice as your breastplate, and zeal to propagate the gospel of peace as your footgear. In all circumstances hold faith up before you as your shield; it will help you extinguish the fiery darts of the evil one. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, the word of God."

The Holy Bible, Ephesians 6:12 - 17

"The Way of the Cross is the Way of Light."

Medieval Latin Proverb



BOOK OF SPIRITUAL SUICIDE

Visions of Medjugorje:

“Only four of the six visionaries saw hell. Our Lady gave Mirjana and Ivanka the choice whether or not to see hell and they chose against it. Ivan and Marija

both saw a vision of hell and all that Ivan will state is that he prefers not to discuss it. Vicka and Jakov were physically taken to hell by Our Lady. The following, through several interviews of the visionaries, is a detailed description of hell.

Vicka: "We saw many people in hell. Many are there already, and many more will go there when they die...The Blessed Mother says that those people who are in hell are there because they chose to go there. They wanted to go to hell...We all know that there are persons on this earth who simply don't admit that God exists, even though He helps them, gives them life and sun and rain and food. He always tries to nudge them onto the path of holiness. They just say they don't believe, and they deny Him. They deny Him, even when it is time to die. And they continue to deny Him, after they are dead. It is their choice. It is their will that they go to hell. They choose hell.

Question: "Describe hell as you remember it.

Vicka: "In the center of this place is a great fire, like an ocean of raging flames. We could see people before they went into the fire, and then we could see them coming out of the fire. Before they go into the fire, they look like normal people. The more they are against God's will, the deeper they enter into the fire, and the deeper they go, the more they rage against Him. When they come out of the fire, they don't have human shape anymore; they are more like grotesque animals, but unlike anything on earth. It's as if they were never human beings before...They were horrible. Ugly. Angry. And each was different; no two

looked alike...When they came out, they were raging and smashing everything around and hissing and gnashing and screeching.

Question: "Has seeing hell changed how you pray?"

Vicka: ""Oh, yes! Now I pray for the conversion of sinners! I know what awaits them if they refuse to convert."

Vicka: "People turn away from God by choices they make. In this way they choose to enter the fire of hell where they burn away all connection to God. That's why they can never get back to God. It takes God's mercy to get back to Him. In hell, they no longer have access to God's mercy...They choose to destroy their beauty and goodness. They choose to be ugly and horrible. People do this all the time. Each choice that is against God, God's Commandments, God's Will, sings God's image in us...They become one with hell even while they have their body. At death they go on as they were when they had a body."

The following is what Marija has shared about hell:

Question: "Marija, have you ever seen hell?"

Marija: "Yes, it's a large space with a big sea of fire in the middle. There are many people there. I particularly noticed a beautiful young girl. But when she came near the fire, she was no longer beautiful. She came out of the fire like an animal; she was no longer human. The Blessed Mother told me that God gives us all choices. Everyone responds to these

choices. Everyone can choose if he wants to go to hell or not. Anyone who goes to hell chooses hell.

Question: "Marija, how and why does a soul choose hell for himself for all eternity?"

Marija: "In the moment of death, God gives us the light to see ourselves as we really are. God gives freedom of choice to everybody during his life on earth. The one who lives in sin on earth can see what he has done and recognize himself as he really is. When he sees himself and his life, the only possible place for him is hell. He chooses hell, because that is what he is. That is where he fits. It is his own wish. God does not make the choice. God condemns no one. We condemn ourselves. Every individual has free choice. God gave us freedom.

Question: "Marija, what about people who grow up spiritually deceived, people who have been told that God does not exist, that there is no God?"

Marija: "People, as they grow up, can think. Everyone knows and can recognize what is good and what is bad by the time they grow up. God gives us freedom of choice. We can choose good or bad. Everybody chooses here in this life whether he goes to Heaven or hell.

Question: "How do we choose Heaven or hell or Purgatory for ourselves?"

Marija: "At the moment of death, God gives everyone the grace to see his whole life, to see what he has

done, to recognize the results of his choices on earth. And each person, when he sees himself in the divine light of reality, chooses for himself where he belongs. Every individual chooses for himself what he personally deserves for all eternity."

"The knowledge of sin is the beginning of salvation."

Epicurus: *Fragments*, frag. 522 [12,000 Inspirational Quotations]

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

The Holy Bible, The Second Epistle to the Corinthians 6:2

"Do not fear those who deprive the body of life but cannot destroy the soul."

The Holy Bible, Matthew 10:28



BOOK OF MORTAL SIN

Vision of Fr. Jose:

"First, the angel escorted me to hell. It was an awful sight! I saw Satan and the devils, an unquenchable fire of about 2,000 Fahrenheit degrees, worms crawling, people screaming and fighting, others being tortured by demons. The angel told me that all these sufferings were due to unrepented mortal sins. Then, I understood that there are seven degrees of suffering or levels according to the number and kinds of mortal sins committed in their earthly lives. The souls looked

very ugly, cruel and horrific. It was a fearful experience. I saw people whom I knew but I am not allowed to reveal their identities. The sins that convicted them were mainly abortion, homosexuality, euthanasia, hatefulness, unforgiveness and sacrilege. **The angel told me that if they had repented they would have avoided hell and gone instead to purgatory. I also understood that some people who repent from these sins might be purified on earth through their sufferings. This way they can avoid purgatory and go straight to heaven."**

"He who forgiveth, and is reconciled with his enemy, shall receive his reward from God.

The Koran, XLII [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Forgiveness)

"Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb."

The Holy Bible, Psalm 37: 1-2

"Death is swallowed up in Victory. Oh, death, where is your victory? Oh, death, where is your sting? The sting of death is sin, and sin gets its power from the law. But thanks be to God who has given us the victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ. Be steadfast and persevering, my beloved brothers, fully engaged in the work of the Lord. You know that your toil is not in vain when it is done in the Lord."

The Holy Bible, 1 Corinthians 15:54 - 58

"It is among the profound convictions of a free society that the last word is never left with evil, that God never gets in a blind alley, and that even from

*the conspiracies of malevolence some good may be
drawn, because importunity wins its consent even
against the most reluctant."*

James H. Robinson: *Tomorrow is Today* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S.
Mead]



BOOK OF THE RED EYED SATAN

Vision of Argyris Mitsis:

“Good afternoon! My name’s Argyris Mitsis. I am from Megali Vrissi of Kilkis District, Greece. I want to share with you what has happened with me after my clinical death. I consulted with elder Kirillos, my spiritual father, and he suggested telling this story to other people. It is quite likely some of you would laugh at me. But even if at least one in a hundred believes me, it will be good enough: maybe, just one soul will be saved. It was quite hard to decide about speaking publicly, but I am willing to take responsibility for my words. If any of you doubt and insist that I “exaggerate,” I can show my hospital discharge papers to prove you wrong.

I lived an unholy life before. I worked nightshifts at a bar, cursed non-stop, and blasphemed the Lord and the Mother of God. There was nothing I held as sacred.

I used to cuss non-stop and blasphemed the Lord and the Mother of God. There was nothing I held as sacred.

One day, I experienced the onset of a heart attack and ended up at the Papageorgiou Hospital. I have a friend who works there, Dr. Moskaros Lambros, as the head of the Circulatory Dynamics Department. We decided to do coronary angiography to get an idea of what is going on with me.

Even there, at the hospital, I kept cursing and blasphemed the Lord Jesus Christ and the Mother of God. It's awful even to think about the things I was saying at the time! When the doctors received my test results, they decided to do a balloon surgery and place a stent.

I went into surgery under local anesthesia. They injected epidural anesthesia and I felt no pain at all. My legs went numb and at some point, I blacked out.

I went to a completely different place, wrapped in utter darkness. Other people's souls surrounded me asking for help and pleading for mercy. The place was filled with hideous stench. Someone hit me hard; it felt as if my right arm got severely burnt.

To give you at least a slight idea of what I was going through, imagine that you are locked in a pitch-dark room. Someone is pressing down on your mouth and nostrils so you can't breathe. All you can hear around is crying and moaning. You hear voices: "Have mercy on us! Save us! Take us from here!" That's when I realized that I had ended up in hell. I was still my old self as before, but without a body: no hands, no feet... I lowered my head down to see what I look like but saw nothing. At some point, eyes shining red appeared before me. They stared straight at me. Then, I heard a powerful and loud voice: "Finally, you are here, I was waiting for you. I am ----." He named himself. I don't want to pronounce that satanic name. Then, he started beating me hard, scorching my right arm with fire. The pain was agonizing. They grabbed my neck trying to suffocate me. I lived through so much torment that, had I written all about it and you had read it, you would have begged the Lord on bended knee all day and night to have mercy on you. I am not going into too much detail or my story would take too much time. Besides, most of my torment had to do with my previous sins that I can share only at confession.

As I was tormented so terribly, I fell into despair and, for the first time in 48 years, I appealed to God in prayer. I cried out: "Lord, help me! I believe in You! Take me away from here!"

That's when I saw the light coming from above. The light was moving towards me.

Hope arose in my soul again and my spirit grew stronger. The darkness around me cleared and I saw a Youth standing in front of me, shining-haired, with a soft beard and green eyes. He placed His hand on my head and said: "Do not be afraid, I am here."

After that, I opened my eyes and saw myself back in the surgery room. My face was covered with a sheet. Three minutes ago, my heart stopped beating and the doctors were discussing how they should inform my wife about my death. I pulled the bedsheet away from my face and said: "Where are you going, guys? I am alive, I am here!" My surgeon Kostas and Georgiou, his assistant, rushed to me and, without saying another word, gave me an injection and proceeded with the surgery. They couldn't believe their eyes. Later on, I was transferred to an ICU unit... When a doctor visited me there, he said: "Do you understand that you experienced clinical death?" I replied: "I don't know if I was dead but I am sure I went somewhere."

The doctors were discussing how they should inform my wife about my death. I pulled the bedsheet away from my face and said: "I am here, I am alive!"

When the anesthesia wore off, I felt strong pain in the right arm and right leg. It was excruciating burning pain. A nurse came to feed me. She looked at my arm and asked, "When did you manage to do this?"

I turned my head and saw that my arm had a burn in a shape of a crown topped with three sixes. Three sixes that I received there, in hell.

My doctor has known me for a long time and he was well aware of the many sins I have committed throughout my life, but I was never involved in satanic cults or things like that. He said that he had no idea where I got this burn. He was a full-on atheist, all he believed in was his science.

I was released from the hospital on the fourth day. I couldn't lift my hand and it still reeked badly. The burn with three sixes hurt a lot. I don't think I could have received it anywhere else but in hell.

At the time, I knew a man named Dimitri, a devout Christian. May the Lord bless him for offering to drive me to the monastery! At first, I didn't want to go: "It's so foolish! What's that for?" My faith was still way too weak then.

Yes, I forgot to mention something. While I was still in my hospital room, there was an icon on the wall across from my bed and the saint depicted on it looked straight at me. I always felt that he looked straight in my eyes. I asked the nurse to take the icon off the wall and bring it closer. She took it off the wall and showed it to me. It was St. Paisios the Athonite.

When I left the hospital, Dimitri took me to the monastery (I am not going to share its name with you). The elder listened to my story and then I had a confession, the very first one in my life.

I must say that, as soon as I entered the monastery, I was completely overtaken by rage. I was ready to beat the monks; I just went insane. For three days and three nights, the fathers and brethren of the monastery kept a prayer vigil for me. They were very kind all the time I was with them, and with God's help we survived those awful days. Every night, the devil would come to them: He kept knocking and charging at the doors, and roared with an infernal growl: "Where's my Argyris? Give him to me, he is mine!"

But the elder was ready for a battle. He said: "It's either you get better or I die with you." He was truly a saintly man, virtuous to the highest degree, and I would never have spoken about him in public had it not been true.

On the third day, I woke up and realized that a mark with the sixes burnt on my arm in hell has almost completely disappeared. A reeking odor remained though, and I still couldn't raise my hand too high. Dimitri came for a visit and I asked him of a favor: Take me to Souroti, to the grave of St. Paisios the Athonite. I second miracle took place there and I have no explanation for it whatsoever.

Dimitri took me to Souroti and I saw a lot of people standing next to St. Paisios' grave, more like a large crowd. A small house was nearby and there were a few nuns with their abbess. She called me to come over:

"Come here!"

"Are you asking me?"

"Yes," she replied. – "Are you Argyris?"

"How do you know my name?"

I thought for a moment that maybe Dimitri told her about me, but when would he have time to do that? Just then gerondissa said:

"The holy man told us you are coming. Follow me."

She took me to his grave and said: "Pray at your father's grave." I leaned down and kissed the cross. When I was ready to leave the grave, abbess stopped me again. She granted the highest honor by taking me to the saint's cell where he used to take his rest; his stool was also there. "I wish you knew how much I love him!" I told Gerondissa. To that, she replied: "You will get to meet him."

I live poorly, but Christ resides in my house and St. Paisios is always with me.

Since then, my life has changed a lot. I live poorly but Christ abides in my house and St. Paisios is always with me. Maybe he is just a saint for anyone else but for me, he is like my father. Ever since I felt his presence in my life, I found new life. He guides me and offers advice.

Six months later, I had another heart attack. An ambulance took me to the hospital and the same cardiac unit. The doctor said, "I have to do open-heart emergency surgery, or you will be gone in a couple of

days. If we don't do it, it is sure death; but if you have the operation, there's a ten percent chance you will survive. You are in a really bad condition."

I asked him to give me ten minutes to think about it. When I was left alone, I looked at the saint's icon I had with me and it gave me strength. It felt as if someone whispered softly in my ear: "Go and fear nothing." Then, I called my doctor in:

"Georgiou, let's go to the surgery room. You are not going to do it alone."

"What do you mean, Argyris?"

"Your hand will be guided by someone else."

I went to the operating table having a ten percent survival chance. The surgery lasted thirteen hours. Following it, I was transferred to the ICU. When I woke up, I couldn't breathe on my own. The doctor and the nurse rushed to my bed and installed an oxygen breathing pipe. The doctor said, "The news isn't too good. Something went odd and the surgery didn't go as we'd have liked it to. We will keep you here for three or four days and then you will stay at a different unit attached to life support machines for ten days."

That's when I lived to see another miracle: my first-ever vision of a saint. I was lying there looking at the ceiling and suddenly I sensed how the air in my room was filled with fragrance. Then, I saw St. Paisios. He said: "Get up, lazybones, enough lying around!"

Everything's fine with you. Get up and let another patient stay here."

I saw St. Paisios. He said: "Get up, lazybones, enough lying around!"

I can present my medical release forms as proof that in two days I was disconnected from all life support and took my first steps. My surgeon would confirm the same thing. On the second day, when he visited me, I felt wonderful as if I never had open-heart surgery. The doctor came to my bed, looked at the icon standing at the bedside, and then said: "Is this the father you were talking about?" Now, remember this: He was an atheist, through and through. He went down on his knees, crossed himself, and venerated the icon. I will never forget this moment. I looked at him thinking that it remains to be seen who of the two of us would benefit more from the miracle we have just witnessed...

It all happened on a Saturday. The next day, on Sunday, an elderly monk entered the room to visit another patient. Anyone who stayed in our room would heal and leave the hospital quickly because the saint was there. The monk looked at me and asked:

"What's wrong with you, my child?"

"I had an open-heart surgery."

"Everyone here receives visitors but you; don't you have anyone to visit you? Are you an orphan?"

"Yes. I have no father or mother."

Here's what he told me in response:

"My child, the Most Holy Mother of God is your Mother, and the angels are keeping vigil at your bedside. They protect you."

I was discharged from the hospital and kept alive as before. I don't know what you will make of my story. I was later diagnosed with throat cancer but to this day I never asked the saint to heal me. Every day, I spend time in prayer for the whole world, and also... I don't know, maybe it is too bold but I pray to the Lord that, when it is my time to depart this life, St. Paisios the Athonite would come to me. I pray he would take me by hand and we depart together...

It is impossible to name all the miracles that have happened to me ever since I found him in my life. Once, I accidentally touched an exposed electric wire with my hand and again St. Paisios saved me. I can't even describe how much my life has changed ever since this saint entered it.

I can't even describe how much my life has changed ever since this saint entered it.

Of course, I love our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ more than anything else in the world. My father confessor elder Kirillos once told me: "Argyris, the Lord truly blessed you! I have lived in the monastery ever since I was a boy, but the Lord never considered me worthy to gain such a precious experience. In all

likelihood, that Youth, who saved you from hell, was Christ Himself. He gave you another chance and extended your days on earth so that you could repent of your sins to stand before the Lord with a purified heart."

I know that my story may sound anecdotal to you, but, honest to God, I told you the truth. I truly lived through all of this. I committed all kinds of sins in my life and God is the only reason I am still alive.

At one time, the Jehovah Witnesses offered me the money to resolve my financial difficulties but I refused. Christ, and only Him, will dwell in my house.

I have shared my story without going into extra details, which would wear you down with their length. The doors of my house are always open for those who want to talk about it. The bottom line is: I don't know how much longer I am going to live or how much longer my heart will keep on beating. Of course, I am going to die at one point. What I had encountered in hell still haunts me like a nightmare. Sometimes, I jump out of bed in terror in the middle of the night. Those sounds still reverberate in the back of my mind. I am not afraid of death but I am terrified of going back to hell. God forbid, I end up there again! Lord, have mercy and save us!

In conclusion, I would like to add something my wife doesn't like to hear about. Well, certainly, I have to go through sufferings and pain here on earth, but as my beloved St. Paisios the Athonite used to say: "The

earth will be our remedy from all our afflictions."
Thank you for reading!"

Argyris Mitsis, Translated by Liubov Ambrose, Youtube Channel of Giroris
Karypidis

***"That which God writes on thy forehead, thou wilt
come to it."***

The Koran [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

***"God overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them
under his laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable
to his purpose."***

Marcus Aurelius [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Fate)

***"For upright is the work of the Lord and all His
works are trustworthy."***

The Holy Bible, Psalm 33: 4



BOOK OF PRIDE

Vision of Emanuel Swedenborg:

“ALL WHO ARE IN THE HELLS ARE IN EVILS AND IN FALSITIES THEREFROM DERIVED FROM THE LOVES OF SELF AND OF THE WORLD. All who are in the hells are in evils and in falsities

therefrom, and no one there is in evils and at the same time in truths. In the world evil men for the most part have some knowledge of spiritual truths, which are the truths of the church, having been taught them from childhood and later by preaching and by reading the Word; and afterwards they have talked about them. Some have even led others to believe that they are Christians at heart because of their knowing how to talk with pretended affection in harmony with the truth, also how to act uprightly as if from spiritual faith. But those of this class whose interior thoughts have been hostile to these truths, and who have refrained from doing the evils that were in harmony with their thoughts only because of the civil laws, or with a view to reputation, honors, and gain, are all of them evil in heart, and are in truths and goods not in respect to their spirit but only in respect to their body; and consequently, when their externals are taken away from them in the other life, and their internals which pertain to their spirit are revealed, they are wholly in evils and falsities, and not at all in truths and goods; and it is thus made clear that truths and goods resided only in their memory merely as things known about, and that they brought them forth therefrom when talking, putting on a semblance of good seemingly from spiritual love and faith. When such are let into their internals and thus into their evils they are no longer able to speak what is true, but only what is false; since they speak from evils; for to speak what is true from evils is then impossible, since the spirit is nothing but his own evil, and from evil what is false goes forth. Every evil spirit is reduced to this state before he is cast into hell (see above, n. 499-512). This is called being vastated in respect to truths

and goods. Vastation is simply being let into one's internals, that is, into what is the spirit's own, or into the spirit itself (see above, n. 425).

When man after death comes into this state he is no longer a man-spirit, as he was in his first state (of which above, n. 491-498), but is truly a spirit; for he is truly a spirit who has a face and body that correspond to his internals which pertain to his mind, that is, has an external form that is a type or effigy of his internals. A spirit is such after he has passed through the first and second states spoken of above; consequently when he is looked upon his character is at once known, not only from his face and from his body, but also from his speech and movements; and as he is then in himself he can be nowhere else than where his like are. [2] For in the spiritual world there is a complete sharing of affections and their thoughts, and in consequence a spirit is conveyed to his like as if of himself, since it is done from his affection and its delight. In fact, he turns himself in that direction; for thus he inhales his own life or draws his breath freely, which he cannot do when he turns another way. It must be understood that this sharing with others in the spiritual world is effected in accordance with the turning of the face, and that each one has constantly before his face those who are in a love like his own, and this in every turning of the body (see above, n. 151) [3] In consequence of this all infernal spirits turn themselves away from the Lord toward the densely dark body and the dark body that are there in place of the sun and moon of this world, while all the angels of heaven turn themselves to the Lord as the sun of heaven and as the moon of heaven (see above, n. 123,

143, 144, 151). From all this it is clear that all who are in the hells are in evils and in falsities therefrom; also that they are turned to their own loves.

All spirits in the hells, when seen in any light of heaven, appear in the form of their evil . . . “

Heaven and Hell, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1758

"Speak boastfully no longer, nor let arrogance issue from your mouths. For an all-knowing God is the Lord, a God who judges deeds."

The Holy Bible, The First Book of Samuel 2:3

"Pride goes before disaster, and a haughty spirit before a fall. It is better to be humble with the meek than to share plunder with the proud."

The Holy Bible, Proverbs 16: 18 - 19



BOOK OF THE GATES

Vision of Emanuel Swedenborg:

"The devil is no idle spirit, but a vagrant, runagate walker, that never rests in one place. The motive, cause, and main intention of his walking is to ruin man."

Thomas Adams [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (The Devil)

“The openings or gates to the hells that are beneath the plains and valleys present to the sight different appearances. Some resemble those that are beneath the mountains, hills and rocks; some resemble dens and caverns, some great chasms and whirlpools; some resemble bogs, and some standing water. They are all covered, and are opened only when evil spirits from the world of spirits are cast in; and when they

are opened there bursts forth from them either something like the fire and smoke that is seen in the air from burning buildings, or like a flame without smoke, or like soot such as comes from a burning chimney, or like a mist and thick cloud. I have heard that the infernal spirits neither see nor feel these things, because when they are in them they are as in their own atmosphere, and thus in the delight of their life; and this for the reason that these things correspond to the evils and falsities in which they are, fire corresponding to hatred and revenge, smoke and soot to the falsities therefrom, flame to the evils of the love of self, and a mist or thick cloud to falsities from that love.”

Heaven and Hell, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1758

"The cure for all ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word 'love'. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of you. It gives the power of working miracles if we will.

Lydia Maria Child [12,000 Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Love)

"Show me your ways O Lord, teach me your paths; guide me in your truth and teach me, for you are God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long. Remember, O Lord, your great mercy and love, for they are from of old. Remember not the sins of my youth and my rebellious ways; according to your love remember me, for you are good, O Lord."

The Holy Bible, Psalm 25:4-7

"In all then actions think that God sees thee, and in all His actions labor to see Him. That will make thee fear Him, and this will move thee to love Him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and the knowledge of God is the perfection of love."

Francis Quarles [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (God)

"Repentance is a heart of sorrow for our past misdeeds, and a sincere resolution and an endeavor to the utmost of our power, to conform all our actions to the law of God. It does not consist in one single act of sorrow, but in doing works meet for repentance; in a sincere obedience to the law of Christ for the remainder of our lives."

John Locke [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Repentance)



BOOK OF THE SOCIETIES

Vision of Emanuel Swedenborg:

“In regard to the number of the hells, there are as many of them as there are angelic societies in the heavens, since there is for every heavenly society a corresponding infernal society as its opposite. That the heavenly societies are numberless, and are all distinguished in accordance with the goods of love, charity, and faith, may be seen in the chapter that treats of the societies of which the heavens consist (n. 41-50), and in the chapter on the immensity of heaven (n. 415-420). The like is true, therefore, of the infernal societies, which are distinguished in accordance with the evils that are the opposites of those goods. [2] Every evil, as well as every good, is

of infinite variety. That this is true is beyond the comprehension of those who have only a simple idea regarding every evil, such as contempt, enmity, hatred, revenge, deceit, and other like evils. But let them know that each one of these evils contains so many specific differences, and each of these again so many specific or particular differences, that a volume would not suffice to enumerate them. The hells are so distinctly arranged in order in accordance with the differences of every evil that nothing could be more perfectly ordered or more distinct. Evidently, then, the hells are innumerable, near to and remote from one another in accordance with the differences of evils generically, specifically, and particularly. [3] There are likewise hells beneath hells. Some communicate with others by passages, and more by exhalations, and this in exact accordance with the affinities of one kind or one species of evil with others. How great the number is of the hells I have been permitted to realize from knowing that there are hells under every mountain, hill, and rock, and likewise under every plain and valley, and that they stretch out beneath these in length and in breadth and in depth. In a word, the entire heaven and the entire world of spirits are, as it were, excavated beneath, and under them is a continuous hell. Thus much regarding the number of the hells.”

Heaven and Hell, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1758

"Religion is the reaching out of one's whole being - mind, body, spirit, emotions, intuitions, will - for

completion, for inner unity, for true relation with those about us, for right relation to the universe in which we live. Religion is life, a certain kind of life, life as it could and should be, a life of harmony within and true adjustment without life, therefore, in harmony with the life of God himself."

Henry Pitt Van Dusen: Life's Meaning [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Religion)



BOOK OF HEAVEN AND HELL

Vision of Bill Wiese:

“We went to a prayer meeting Sunday night, just like every Sunday night. There was nothing unusual about the night. I have never studied the topic of hell. I have never gone to dark movies. I never drank. I’ve never taken drugs and I’ve never had a vision before. We came home and my wife and I went to bed. I got up at 3 o’clock in the morning to get a glass of water. Suddenly, I was pulled out of my body, like being drawn up out of your body. I found myself falling through the air down this long tunnel. I landed in an actual prison cell in hell.

There were stone walls and bars. It was a filthy, stinking, dirty prison, but like a dungeon. Isaiah 24:22 says, "And they should be gathered together as prisoners, or gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison." Proverb 7:27 mentions "going down to hell to the chambers of death," where chambers means inner rooms. Job 17:16 says, "They should go down to the bars of the pit." I could give you many scriptures on that.

The Prison Cell

That's where I first found myself in this prison cell. The first thing I noticed was an intense heat. It was so far beyond the ability to sustain life. I wondered how could I be alive in this place? I wanted to get up, but I tried to move and it took so much effort. There was no strength in my body.

But see Isaiah 14:9 -10 says, "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at they coming." They would say, "Art thou become weak as we?" Psalms 88:4, "I am counted with them who go down into the pit. I am as a man that has no strength." One of the things you endure in hell for all eternity, is that you are completely void of any physical strength. Acts 17:28 says, "In Him we live and move and have our being." Even movement comes from God. It's not automatic.

I looked up and I saw these two enormous creatures in the cell. They were demons pacing like vicious, caged animals. One was reptile-like in appearance with bumps and scales all over the body. It had a huge jaw, sunken in eyes and claws about a foot long.

These particular two were about 12 or 13 feet tall. It's not an exaggeration. They were blaspheming and cursing God. They had an extreme hatred for God. We know blasphemy comes from the demonic realm (Revelation 13:6, James 2:7 and others).

Then they directed that hatred that they had for God towards me. I wondered, "Why? What have I done to them?" The one demon picked me up, threw me into the wall and my bones broke. I collapsed on the floor. I couldn't believe this was actually happening to me. Why am I not dead?

The other demon picked me up, dug it's claws into my chest and tore the flesh open. It just hung like ribbons. This was actually happening. I thought, "This couldn't be happening." I noticed I had a body. Matthew 10:28 says, "Fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Remember the rich man in Luke 16. He lifteth up his eyes. He wanted a drop of water to cool his tongue. He had a tongue, he had eyes and he had a mouth to speak. You have a body, but it withstands these torments.

I noticed there was no blood or water coming from the wounds. Leviticus 17:11 says, "the life of the flesh is in the blood." Well, there's no life in hell so there's no blood. Zachariah 9:11 says, "thy prisoners out of the pit where there is no water." There's not one drop of water in hell. These demons have no mercy over you whatsoever. Psalms 103:17 says, "The mercy of the Lord is upon those that fear Him." Well, they don't fear Him in hell so you don't have that benefit.

The Darkness of Hell

About this time it went dark. I believe it was God's presence there to illuminate it so I could see, but then He withdrew His light. It was pitch black in hell. Lamentations 3:6 says, "He hath set me in dark places, as [they that be] dead of old." Jude 13 mentions blackness of darkness forever. It wasn't just dark. You could literally feel the darkness. That's not an exaggeration. Exodus 10:21 mentions a darkness that may be felt, because the evil and wickedness in this place just penetrates through every cell in your body.

I was taken out of this prison cell and placed over next to this large raging pit of fire. This pit was about a mile across, with flames raging high up into this open cavern. It wasn't metaphorical or allegorical flames. It was real, literal fire. Psalms 11:6 says, "Upon the wicked He will reign fire and brimstone and a horrible tempest." Matthew 13:49, "Angels will sever the wicked from the just and cast the wicked into a furnace of fire." There are many scriptures on fire. This is where I could first see people inside this pit. People were burning and screaming. I know this is awful to hear about. Most of us have never seen a person on fire, unless you're a fireman. The flesh was hanging off their bones. People were screaming, and the screams were so loud, you wanted to get away from the screams but you can't for all eternity. You have to endure that.

Isaiah 57:21 says, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." There's no peace of mind of any kind in

hell. I wanted to let my wife know where I was at, but I understood I'll never get out. I'll never get the chance to say goodbye to her. That thought alone was extremely tormenting. That you could never say goodbye to your loved ones and they don't know that you still exist.

Death Does Not Mean Cease to Exist

Death does not mean cease to exist. Death means separation from God. You still exist. You're just down deep in the Earth. I understood I was down deep in the earth. I descended to get there. I ascended when I left. More importantly, there are 49 scriptures that talk about where the current hell, or Sheol, is located. I'll just give you two; Ezekiel 26:20 and Numbers 16:32-33. It is very clear that it's down deep in the earth, but I understood that.

I understood there were different levels of torment and degrees of punishment. Remember Jesus said in Matthew 23:14, "You shall receive the greater damnation." Inferring there's a lesser damnation. Or Matthew 10:15 which says, "it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city," inferring there's a less tolerable. Hebrews 10:29 says, "How much worse of a punishment suppose it shall be for you. You who have trodden underfoot the Son of God." There's a worse punishment. My point is there is no tolerable, comfortable level in hell. Any level is horrendous beyond anything your mind can even conceive.

I wanted to talk to a person, just anybody. There is pleasure in conversation and being with people, but you're kept apart. Even when I saw those people in the pit literally burning through the flames, you're kept at a distance. You never have any conversation. You're isolated and alone for all eternity. That alone is hard enough to bear.

No One Will Rescue You

You have no purpose and no destiny. It's just a complete useless waisting away. Ecclesiastes 9:10 says, "There's no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in Sheol." Ecclesiastes 6:4 says, "Your name is covered in darkness." So it doesn't matter if you're somebody famous here. No one will know who you are there. You have no identity and you understand you're not getting out. Job 7:9 says, "He that goes down to Sheol shall come up no more." You understand there is no one coming to rescue you.

The stench in hell is so fowl and putrid, the worst odors you can ever imagine. Worse than any open sewer. Remember Jesus rebuked the fowl spirits. Mark 9:25 says demons have a disgusting fowl odor to them. Also, there is a smell of burning sulfur. If you ever go to Hawaii to the volcano, they have signs posted that tell you you cannot go beyond a certain point because of the toxicity of the burning sulfur coming up. It will kill you if you breath it. It's called sulfur dioxide. Sulfur is just another word for brimstone. The word brimstone is also in the Bible. You're breathing in this fowl, putrid, disgusting air that you don't want to breath. It's even worse than

that because there's not enough air to breath. You have to fight for even the tinniest bit of oxygen. You feel like at any moment you're going to die of suffocation. Isaiah 42:5 says, "The Lord gives breath to the people upon the earth." You're not upon the earth. You're down deep beneath the earth. God's very specific with His word.

You need to sleep in hell. I was only there 23 minutes but it felt like I was there 23 weeks without sleeping. You know if you stay up for two nights without sleeping, you can't function. Well, in hell you need to sleep also, but you never get to sleep so it gets progressively worse. Revelation 14:11 says, "And the smoke of their torment ascends up forever and ever and they have no rest day nor night." Now that primarily means no rest in the torment, but no rest of any kind because Isaiah 57:20 says, "The wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest." You know the sea is always moving. Rest is a blessing from God. Psalms 127:2 says, "The Lord gives His beloved sleep." You're not his beloved, so you wouldn't derive that benefit of sleep.

The Pit of Fire

Standing next to this large pit of the fire, I could see demons were shoving people in. People were burning. You're totally helpless. You can't fight them off. They have great strength and you don't. I was standing beneath this tunnel and all along the walls were demons, twisted, deformed and grotesque. Some were only 2 and 3 feet tall. Some were 12 and 13 feet tall. And there were snakes all along the edges. I

could only see along the edges and through the flames. It's so dark in hell, it consumes the light.

I was standing on a bed of maggots. Solid maggots crawling all over everything. Remember Jesus said, "Where their worm dies not" and He uses the word maggot. He is saying "their" as in you have your own personal maggots. People have them crawling all over them. I know this is disgusting, but I just want you to get this picture so you understand and have the heart desire to go and witness to people and not see anybody go to this place. Isaiah 14:11 says, "Where the maggot will be spread under thee and the worm will cover thee." Again there's the word maggot, in the original Hebrew. I didn't know this, but if a dead animal is being eaten by maggots, when the flesh is consumed from the animal, the maggots die. I never knew that, but they'll die after they consume the flesh. That's why Jesus said, "Where their worm dies not" because the flesh is never fully consumed in hell. Job 24:20 says, "The maggots will feed sweetly on thee." Is that disgusting enough?

You're hungry but you never get to eat in hell. You experience hunger and thirst. You remember the rich man who wanted a drop of water? Thus to give you a drop of water, that wouldn't suffice. Would it? You wouldn't rely on one drop, but in hell you would. You'll do anything for just one drop of water, but you'll never get that drop.

The fear level you experience is so far beyond anything you can imagine. All of us have experienced some kind of fear in life. I just want to share with you

an experience I had, so you can relate to the fear that is felt in hell because we're sitting here where it's nice and calm. You're not getting this. Just to share with you an experience that I had.

When I was 17 years old, I used to surf a lot. I grew up in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. We used to surf on Cocoa Beach. There were about 100 guys out one day. It was a big day. We were all having a great time and suddenly the guy next to me got his leg torn off by a shark. Now there was a frenzy of sharks. The paper said they were tiger sharks. There was blood all over the water. I remember, I was on a 9 foot board and I got up on my knees as the shark passed under my board. It was longer than the board. It came back and bit my board in half. Now I was swimming in the water with my buddy. He was knocked off his board too. Then the shark came back and grabbed my leg and pulled me down under the water.

Now you can imagine the fear I felt at that moment. Right? You can kind of relate to that. I can tell you in life there's not much more fearful than that. Well, that fear that I felt at that moment paled in comparison with what you feel in hell. It won't even register. Psalms 73:18-19 says, "You cast them down into destruction where they're utterly consumed with terrors" and this terror lasts for all eternity. Praise God. God had mercy on me. The shark opened its mouth and let me go. That's a miracle of God. It's a miracle. Even more of a miracle, I looked and I didn't have a mark in my leg. That's impossible. Once they grab your leg, you know it pierces it. God was really watching over me then and I was not even a Christian

then, but I got saved immediately after that, praise God. Thank God for His mercy . . .

Lifted Up Out Of The Tunnel

As I was looking at all of this horror, something began lifting me up this tunnel. It was pitch black. All of a sudden, this bright light appeared. I knew immediately who it was. I didn't see His face. I just saw the outline of a man standing in a bright, pure, holy light. Like no light I have ever seen and I just called out His name. I said, "Jesus!" He said, "I am." When He said, "I am," I went out. I passed out. I don't know if I died or what happened. I can only explain it through Revelation 1:16. John, when he saw Him, said His countenance was bright as the sun and, "I fell at His feet as one dead." After a time, He touched me and I came to. And it hit me so strongly that because He went to the cross, I didn't have to go to that horrible place. Thank God for the cross.

I'm telling you people I was so grateful for the cross. I just had a new appreciation. I just realized what He went through. He suffered a horrible death on a cross, so that I wouldn't have to go to hell. Now thoughts started coming in my mind. I had eight different thoughts. He answered them all. I'm just going to share two with you right now for time's sake.

I thought, "Lord, I don't want to tell anybody about this experience. They're going to think I'm crazy or I had a bad dream." He said, "It's not your job to convict their hearts, it's the Holy Spirit's. You just go and tell them."

My second thought was, "Lord why didn't I know you?" He had blocked it from my mind that I was a Christian. He hid that fact from me. You might say, "Bill, where is that in the Bible?" Luke 24:16, John 20:14 and Luke 18:34 are examples where God hid something from their minds. Just so you understand the reason He blocked it from my mind. If I was there as a Christian, which I was but I didn't realize, I would have known He would be getting me out of there. However, as an unsaved person, He wanted me to experience what they would feel...Hopelessness. None of us in life here know what it's like to be hopeless. Because even if your situation is so dire, you can always die to get out of the pain. But in hell you can't get out of the pain.

Hell Is Eternal

I really want you to get this for just a few seconds to understand what it's like to be in agony and hopeless. No one is going to get you out. There is no Calvary coming over the hill. No angels. You'll never ever get out of this place. Isaiah 38:18 says, "Those who go down to the pit cannot hope for the truth." We know Jesus said, "I'm the way, the truth and the life." They have no hope for Him because it's too late. That's the worst part of hell, understanding you're not going to get out."

Soul Choice Ministries, Bill Wiese

"Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul. The evil effect on himself is certain."

Robert Southey [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)

"A church membership does not make a Christian any more than owning a piano makes a musician."

Douglas Meader: *These Times* [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]

"This was posted on a Bronx, New York, church bulletin board: 'Do come in - Trespassers will be forgiven.'"

Anonymous [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Church)



BOOK OF THE BREATHING FORTH

Vision of Emanuel Swedenborg:

“Evil continually breathes forth and ascends out of hell, and good continually breathes forth and descends out of heaven, because everyone is encompassed by a spiritual sphere; and that sphere flows forth and pours out from the life of the affections and the thoughts therefrom. And as such a sphere flows forth from every individual, it flows forth also from every heavenly society and from every infernal society, consequently from all together, that is, from the entire heaven and from the entire hell. Good flows forth from heaven because all there are in good; and evil flows forth from hell because all there are in evil. The good that is from heaven is all from the Lord; for the angels in the heavens are all

withheld from what is their own, and are kept in what is the Lord's own, which is good itself. But the spirits in the hells are all in what is their own, and everyone's own is nothing but evil; and because it is nothing but evil it is hell. Evidently, then, the equilibrium in which angels are kept in the heavens and spirits in the hells is not like the equilibrium in the world of spirits. The equilibrium of angels in the heavens exists in the degree in which they have been willing to be in good, or in the degree in which they have lived in good in the world, and thus also in the degree in which they have held evil in aversion; but the equilibrium of spirits in hell exists in the degree in which they have been willing to be in evil, or have lived in evil in the world, and thus in heart and spirit have been opposed to good.

Unless the Lord ruled both the heavens and the hells there would be no equilibrium; and if there were no equilibrium there would be no heaven or hell; for all things and each thing in the universe, that is, both in the natural world and in the spiritual world, endure by means of equilibrium. Every rational man can see that this is true. If there were a preponderance on one part and no resistance on the other would not both perish? So would it be in the spiritual world if good did not react against evil and continually restrain its uprising; and unless this were done by the Divine Itself both heaven and hell would perish, and with them the whole human race. It is said unless the Divine Itself did this, because the self of everyone, whether angel, spirit, or man, is nothing but evil (see above, n. 591); consequently neither angels nor spirits are able in the least to resist the evils continually

exhaling from the hells, since from self they all tend towards hell. It is evident, then, that unless the Lord alone ruled both the heavens and the hells no one could ever be saved. Moreover, all the hells act as one; for evils in the hells are connected as goods are in the heavens; and the Divine alone, which goes forth solely from the Lord, is able to resist all the hells, which are innumerable, and which act together against heaven and against all who are in heaven."

Heaven and Hell, Emanuel Swedenborg, 1758

"After all the ages I have spent fighting the Dark Forces of Satan I sense no lessening of the presence of Evil abroad in the world. Indeed, the race of man seems to fall ever further away from God's grace. Dark and terrible though the times I have lived through have been, I sense only further torment and descent into wickedness for mankind."

The Demon Hunter's Handbook, Abelard Van Helsing © Pavilion Books 2006
(Farewell)

"Know what is evil, no matter how worshipped it may be. Let the man of sense not mistake it, even when clothed in brocade, or at times crowned in gold, because it cannot thereby hide its hypocrisy, for slavery does not lose its infamy, however noble the master."

Baltasar Gracian y Morales: *Gracian's Manual* [12,000 Quotations] (Evil)

"If it be the characteristic of a worldly man that he desecrates what is holy, it should be of the Christian to consecrate what is secular, and to recognize a present and presiding divinity in all things."

Thomas Chalmers [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Holiness)

"Few souls understand what God would accomplish in them if they were to abandon themselves unreservedly to Him and if they were to allow His grace to mold them accordingly."

St. Ignatius Loyola

"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid or terrified because of them, for the Lord your God goes with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you."

The Holy Bible, The Book of Deuteronomy 31:6

"Be on your guard; stand firm in the faith; be men of courage; be strong."

The Holy Bible, The First Epistle to the Corinthians 16:13



BOOK OF THE RESTORATION OF GOD

Anonymous Vision:

"This is the revelation God gave to Jesus Christ, that he might show his servants what must happen very soon. He made it known by sending his angel to his servant John, who in reporting, all he saw bears witness to the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ. Happy is the man who reads this

*prophetic message, and happy are those who hear it
and heed what is written in it, for the appointed time
is near!"*

The Holy Bible, The Book of Revelation 1:1-3

Captivated in the night, I was sleeping deeply after many years of battling the dark forces.

My mother and I were traveling the galactic heavens in a mystical spaceship. Made of a strong metallic metal it glistened in the light of the stars. Sitting together in awe at the beauty of the galaxies we were given to see, God's spectacular artwork literally splashed against the night sky.

Traveling at a breathtaking speed of light, we passed by brightly colored stars, galaxies and other realms of existence in different dimensions of reality. Mesmerized by the beauty, I felt the absolute peace and final relaxation which I had so longed for in the many days when I was called to the warfare of the kingdom of Heaven.

But this awe and wonder was not to last long, for our ship had soon landed on a strange land mass of flat and dull rock. The land was encased in fog and a dark smell. Stepping off of the ship, I receive a prophetic premonition of a flood which was to come.

A soft voice bid me warning, "Be careful in the darkness, my child."

There was a piercing sun which burned the skin, and I realized as I turned back towards the spaceship, that I was now alone. Crying for my mother, this was a journey I had to take by myself and she could no longer accompany me.

Lost in a desolate land about to be lost in a major flood, I questioned where this flood could

possibly come from. But I soon realized that it was not my place to question that which God had said would be done. Prostrating myself on the rough burning surface of the strange land, I cried out to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

"If it be your will Lord, I beg you to help me be free of the destruction of this land. Help me find shelter from the storm. I need you Lord, I am in desperate need." As I wept, I felt a peaceful rush of wind blow sweetly across my face. I lifted my head trying to protect it from the blowing dust. But as the dust faded away, I saw a sight so brilliant as to mesmerize my soul in wonder and joy. Before me lay a vision of sweetness and glory of which I could never deserve, but was grateful and joyous to behold. The Lord Jesus Christ stood before me with light emanating from his body which exuded the peace, love, joy and power of His presence. The light was so bright, I had to keep my head down in prostration.

Standing about a hundred feet away from me, glistening in white and silver light, He stood atop a cloud that appeared to blend into His being. Wearing a pure white robe which fell loosely around his body, it blew softly in the snow sweetened wind. His long brown hair glistened with light as it blew in unison with the robe.

Awestruck, the powerful presence of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ held me down to the ground in prostration. It was impossible for me to stand before Him. Crawling in tears towards him, He stared down at me with a most peaceful smile. His arms were held out revealing the wounds He had accepted for my sins. After a slow and deliberate crawl, I now lay at His feet, slowly kneeling below Him with head

down in absolute wonder. Smiling, He spoke no words. Nothing was required.

His smile gave me an inexplicable joy beyond the ability to fathom. As I lifted my head and stared into his eyes, I saw the galaxies and stars of the universe, each in their unique beauty and light.

Staring at him for what seemed like a lifetime, the silent exchange of interior knowing filled me with healing.

The flood came and went, but I was in safekeeping. Jesus Christ held me safe from the storms of life and I interiorly knew that He would help me to do this my whole life through.

When the flood departed, He had left in the place He had stood glistening stars that twinkled in the light. Now able to stand, I indeed did so and looked around.

The lands were no longer burned and scorched, but were now transforming into fertile soil for plants and living things to grow in. Peace filled my soul. The darkness had been restored to light, and that which had been lost had also been restored.

Turning back towards the place where my spaceship had originally come, it had returned. Running towards the glistening silver light, I bathed in my mother's arms as she smiled in joy at the awesome journey I had been given to take.

When I awoke, I knew that my life would never be the same as I was filled with the joy and the love of Christ. Sitting up freely, a burden had been taken from my back. A calling secured . . . the peace of its completion a restoration.

I will forever and always live in devotion to doing His will.

"God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness."

Francis Quarles: *Emblems*, Bk. I [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead]
(God)

"God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the Earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea."

Prayer Book [The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations, Third Edition]

"The proof of love is in the works. Where love exists, it works great things."

Pope St. Gregory the Great

"For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction."

The Holy Bible, Ecclesiastes 2:11

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one comes to the Father but through me. If you really knew me, you would know my father also."

The Holy Bible, The Gospel of John 14:6 - 7

"Honor God and give Him glory, for His time has come to sit in judgment. Worship the Creator of Heaven and Earth."

The Holy Bible, Revelation 14:7



...IN THE ARMY OF GOD.
 THE LORD JESUS IS MY
 COMMANDING OFFICER.
 THE HOLY BIBLE IS MY
 CODE OF CONDUCT.
 PRAYER AND THE
 WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD
 ARE MY WEAPONS OF
 WARFARE. I HAVE BEEN
 TAUGHT BY THE HOLY
 SPIRIT, TRAINED BY
 EXPERIENCE. TRIED BY
 ADVERSITY, AND
 TESTED BY FIRE.

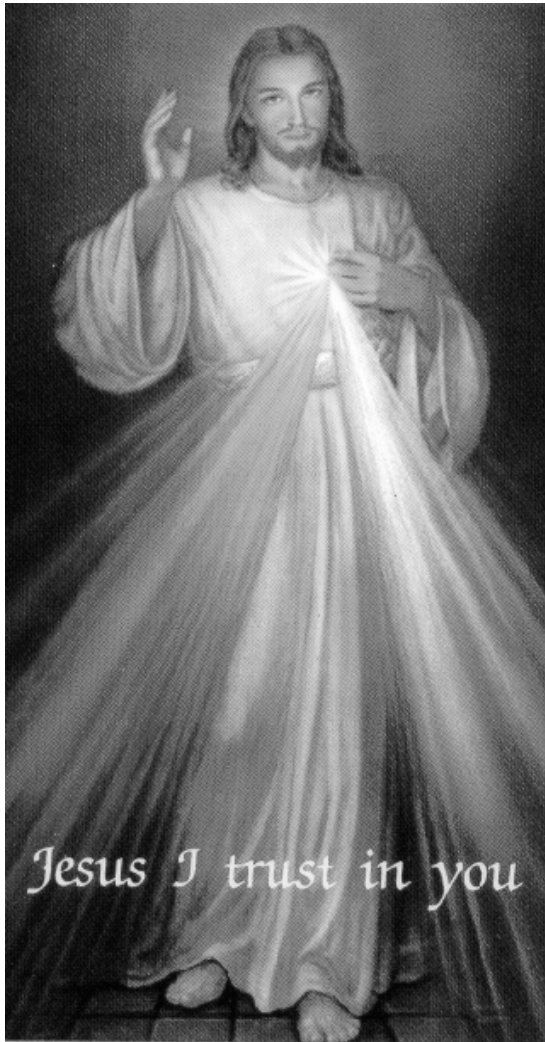
*"Work out your own salvation with fear and
 trembling; for it is God who works in you both to
 will and to do for His good pleasure."*

The Holy Bible, Philippians 2:12

*"If you are to understand the remedy, you must first
 understand the illness. The illness is unrecognized sin;
 the remedy is the mercy of Jesus Christ. Call for it and
 ask . . . and you shall receive. "*

Marilynn Hughes

"A nation can survive its fools, and even the ambitious. But it cannot survive treason from within. An enemy at the gates is less formidable, for he is known and he carries his banners openly. But the traitor moves among those within the gate freely, his sly whispers rustling through all the alleys, heard in the very halls of government itself. For the traitor appears not traitor, he speaks in the accents familiar to his victims, and he wears their face and their garments, and he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation, he works secretly and unknown in the night to undermine the pillars of a city, he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to be feared." Cicero, 42 B.C.



The Image of the Divine Mercy

"All those souls who will glorify My mercy and spread its worship, encouraging others to trust in My mercy, will not experience terror at the hour of death.

My mercy will shield them in that final battle . . ."

Divine Mercy in My Soul, St. Faustina Kowalska, Words of Christ, [Marian Press

1987]

FOOTNOTES

The Catechism of the Catholic Church on Sin

PART THREE LIFE IN CHRIST

SECTION ONE MAN'S VOCATION LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

CHAPTER ONE THE DIGNITY OF THE HUMAN PERSON

ARTICLE 8 SIN

I. MERCY AND SIN

1846 The Gospel is the revelation in Jesus Christ of God's mercy to sinners.¹¹³ The angel announced to Joseph: "You shall call his name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins."¹¹⁴ The same is true of the Eucharist, the sacrament of redemption: "This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."¹¹⁵

1847 "God created us without us: but he did not will to save us without us."¹¹⁶ To receive his mercy, we must admit our faults. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness."¹¹⁷

1848 As St. Paul affirms, "Where sin increased, grace abounded all the more."¹¹⁸ But to do its work grace must uncover sin so as to convert our hearts and bestow on us "righteousness to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."¹¹⁹ Like a physician who probes the wound before treating it, God, by his Word and by his Spirit, casts a living light on sin:

Conversion *requires convincing of sin*; it includes the interior judgment of conscience, and this, being a proof of the action of the Spirit of truth in man's inmost being, becomes at the same time the start of a new grant of grace and love: "Receive the Holy Spirit." Thus in this "convincing concerning sin" we discover *a double gift*: the gift of the truth of conscience and the gift of the certainty of redemption. The Spirit of truth is the Consoler.¹²⁰

II. THE DEFINITION OF SIN

1849 Sin is an offense against reason, truth, and right conscience; it is failure in genuine love for God and neighbor caused by a perverse attachment to certain goods. It wounds the nature of man and injures human solidarity. It has been defined as "an utterance, a deed, or a desire contrary to the eternal law."¹²¹

1850 Sin is an offense against God: "Against you, you alone, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in your sight."¹²² Sin sets itself against God's love for us and turns our hearts away from it. Like the first sin, it is disobedience, a revolt against God through the will to become "like gods,"¹²³ knowing and determining good and evil. Sin is thus "love of oneself even to contempt of God."¹²⁴ In this proud self-exaltation, sin

is diametrically opposed to the obedience of Jesus, which achieves our salvation.¹²⁵

1851 It is precisely in the Passion, when the mercy of Christ is about to vanquish it, that sin most clearly manifests its violence and its many forms: unbelief, murderous hatred, shunning and mockery by the leaders and the people, Pilate's cowardice and the cruelty of the soldiers, Judas' betrayal - so bitter to Jesus, Peter's denial and the disciples' flight. However, at the very hour of darkness, the hour of the prince of this world,¹²⁶ the sacrifice of Christ secretly becomes the source from which the forgiveness of our sins will pour forth inexhaustibly.

III. THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SINS

1852 There are a great many kinds of sins. Scripture provides several lists of them. The *Letter to the Galatians* contrasts the works of the flesh with the fruit of the Spirit: "Now the works of the flesh are plain: fornication, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, factions, envy, drunkenness, carousing, and the like. I warn you, as I warned you before, that those who do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."¹²⁷

1853 Sins can be distinguished according to their objects, as can every human act; or according to the virtues they oppose, by excess or defect; or according to the commandments they violate. They can also be classed according to whether they concern God, neighbor, or oneself; they can be divided into spiritual and carnal sins, or again as sins in thought, word, deed, or omission. The root of sin is in the heart of man, in his free will, according to the teaching of the Lord: "For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, fornication, theft, false witness,

slander. These are what defile a man."¹²⁸ But in the heart also resides charity, the source of the good and pure works, which sin wounds.

IV. THE GRAVITY OF SIN: MORTAL AND VENIAL SIN

1854 Sins are rightly evaluated according to their gravity. The distinction between mortal and venial sin, already evident in Scripture,¹²⁹ became part of the tradition of the Church. It is corroborated by human experience.

1855 *Mortal sin* destroys charity in the heart of man by a grave violation of God's law; it turns man away from God, who is his ultimate end and his beatitude, by preferring an inferior good to him.

Venial sin allows charity to subsist, even though it offends and wounds it.

1856 Mortal sin, by attacking the vital principle within us - that is, charity - necessitates a new initiative of God's mercy and a conversion of heart which is normally accomplished within the setting of the sacrament of reconciliation:

When the will sets itself upon something that is of its nature incompatible with the charity that orients man toward his ultimate end, then the sin is mortal by its very object . . . whether it contradicts the love of God, such as blasphemy or perjury, or the love of neighbor, such as homicide or adultery. . . . But when the sinner's will is set upon something that of its nature involves a disorder, but is not opposed to the love of God and

neighbor, such as thoughtless chatter or immoderate laughter and the like, such sins are venial.¹³⁰

1857 For a *sin* to be *mortal*, three conditions must together be met: "Mortal sin is sin whose object is grave matter and which is also committed with full knowledge and deliberate consent."¹³¹

1858 *Grave matter* is specified by the Ten Commandments, corresponding to the answer of Jesus to the rich young man: "Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor your father and your mother."¹³² The gravity of sins is more or less great: murder is graver than theft. One must also take into account who is wronged: violence against parents is in itself graver than violence against a stranger.

1859 Mortal sin requires *full knowledge* and *complete consent*. It presupposes knowledge of the sinful character of the act, of its opposition to God's law. It also implies a consent sufficiently deliberate to be a personal choice. Feigned ignorance and hardness of heart¹³³ do not diminish, but rather increase, the voluntary character of a sin.

1860 *Unintentional ignorance* can diminish or even remove the imputability of a grave offense. But no one is deemed to be ignorant of the principles of the moral law, which are written in the conscience of every man. The promptings of feelings and passions can also diminish the voluntary and free character of the offense, as can external pressures or pathological

disorders. Sin committed through malice, by deliberate choice of evil, is the gravest.

1861 Mortal sin is a radical possibility of human freedom, as is love itself. It results in the loss of charity and the privation of sanctifying grace, that is, of the state of grace. If it is not redeemed by repentance and God's forgiveness, it causes exclusion from Christ's kingdom and the eternal death of hell, for our freedom has the power to make choices for ever, with no turning back. However, although we can judge that an act is in itself a grave offense, we must entrust judgment of persons to the justice and mercy of God.

1862 One commits *venial sin* when, in a less serious matter, he does not observe the standard prescribed by the moral law, or when he disobeys the moral law in a grave matter, but without full knowledge or without complete consent.

1863 Venial sin weakens charity; it manifests a disordered affection for created goods; it impedes the soul's progress in the exercise of the virtues and the practice of the moral good; it merits temporal punishment. Deliberate and unrepented venial sin disposes us little by little to commit mortal sin. However venial sin does not break the covenant with God. With God's grace it is humanly reparable. "Venial sin does not deprive the sinner of sanctifying grace, friendship with God, charity, and consequently eternal happiness."¹³⁴

While he is in the flesh, man cannot help but have at least some light sins. But do not despise these sins which we call "light": if you take them for light when you weigh them, tremble when you count them. A number of light objects makes a great mass; a number of drops fills a river; a number of grains makes a heap. What then is our hope? Above all, confession.¹³⁵

1864 "Therefore I tell you, every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven men, but the blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven."¹³⁶ There are no limits to the mercy of God, but anyone who deliberately refuses to accept his mercy by repenting, rejects the forgiveness of his sins and the salvation offered by the Holy Spirit.¹³⁷ Such hardness of heart can lead to final impenitence and eternal loss.

V. THE PROLIFERATION OF SIN

1865 Sin creates a proclivity to sin; it engenders vice by repetition of the same acts. This results in perverse inclinations which cloud conscience and corrupt the concrete judgment of good and evil. Thus sin tends to reproduce itself and reinforce itself, but it cannot destroy the moral sense at its root.

1866 Vices can be classified according to the virtues they oppose, or also be linked to the *capital sins* which Christian experience has distinguished, following St. John Cassian and St. Gregory the Great. They are called "capital" because they engender other sins, other vices.¹³⁸ They are pride, avarice, envy, wrath, lust, gluttony, and sloth or acedia.

1867 The catechetical tradition also recalls that there are "*sins that cry to heaven*": the blood of Abel,¹³⁹ the sin of the Sodomites,¹⁴⁰ the cry of the people oppressed in Egypt,¹⁴¹ the cry of the foreigner, the widow, and the orphan,¹⁴² injustice to the wage earner.¹⁴³

1868 Sin is a personal act. Moreover, we have a responsibility for the sins committed by others when *we cooperate in them*:

- by participating directly and voluntarily in them;
- by ordering, advising, praising, or approving them;
- by not disclosing or not hindering them when we have an obligation to do so;
- by protecting evil-doers.

1869 Thus sin makes men accomplices of one another and causes concupiscence, violence, and injustice to reign among them. Sins give rise to social situations and institutions that are contrary to the divine goodness. "Structures of sin" are the expression and effect of personal sins. They lead their victims to do evil in their turn. In an analogous sense, they constitute a "social sin."¹⁴⁴

IN BRIEF

1870 "God has consigned all men to disobedience, that he may have mercy upon all" (*Rom 11:32*).

1871 Sin is an utterance, a deed, or a desire contrary to the eternal law (St. Augustine, *Faust* 22: PL 42, 418). It is an offense against God. It rises up against God in a disobedience contrary to the obedience of Christ.

1872 Sin is an act contrary to reason. It wounds man's nature and injures human solidarity.

1873 The root of all sins lies in man's heart. The kinds and the gravity of sins are determined principally by their objects.

1874 To choose deliberately - that is, both knowing it and willing it - something gravely contrary to the divine law and to the ultimate end of man is to commit a mortal sin. This destroys in us the charity without which eternal beatitude is impossible. Unrepented, it brings eternal death.

1875 Venial sin constitutes a moral disorder that is reparable by charity, which it allows to subsist in us.

1876 The repetition of sins - even venial ones - engenders vices, among which are the capital sins.

113 Cf. Lk 15.

114 Mt 1:21.

115 Mt 26:28.

116 St. Augustine, *Sermo* 169, 11, 13: PL 38, 923.

117 1 Jn 8-9.

118 Rom 5:20.

119 Rom 5:21.

120 John Paul II, *DeV* 31 # 2.

121 St. Augustine, *Contra Faustum* 22: PL 42, 418; St. Thomas

- Aquinas, STh I-II, 71, 6.
 122 Ps 51:4.
 123 Gen 3:5.
 124 St. Augustine, De civ. Dei 14, 28: PL 41, 436.
 125 Cf. Phil 2:6-9.
 126 Cf. Jn 14:30.
 127 Gal 5:19-21; CE Rom 1:28-32; 1 Cor 9-10; Eph 5:3-5; Col 3:5-8;
 1 Tim 9-10; 2 Tim 2-5.
 128 Mt 15:19-20.
 129 Cf. 1 Jn 16-17.
 130 St. Thomas Aquinas, STh I-II, 88, 2, corp. art.
 131 RP 17 # 12.
 132 Mk 10:19.
 133 Cf. Mk 3:5-6; Lk 16:19-31.
 134 John Paul II, RP 17 # 9.
 135 St. Augustine, In ep. Jo. 1, 6: PL 35, 1982.
 136 Mt 12:31; cf. Mk 3:29; Lk 12:10.
 137 Cf. John Paul II, DeV 46.
 138 Cf. St. Gregory the Great, Moralia in Job, 31, 45: PL 76, 621A.
 139 Cf. Gen 4:10.
 140 Cf. Gen 18:20; 19:13.
 141 Cf. Ex 3:7-10.
 142 Cf. Ex 20:20-22.
 143 Cf. Deut 24:14-15; Jas 5:4.
 144 John Paul II, RP 16.

*The Catechism of the Catholic Church, Provided by
 the Vatican Archive*



The Early Life of St. Francis of Assisi

The Unsaintly Beginnings of a Great Man

Many people don't realize that St. Francis of Assisi lived a very controversial life before his conversion.

Born in 1181, St. Francis of Assisi lived a short life which has gone on to affect all ages. His death occurred on October 3, 1226. Some writers have called St. Francis of Assisi's youth idle, but it is humorous how his own best friend referred to the life he'd lived before his profound conversion.

Thomas of Celano Writes the First Authoritative Life of St. Francis of Assisi

After explaining the times in which St. Francis of Assisi was born and lived; a time of debauchery, arrogance, vanity, excess, lewdness – Thomas of Celano calls his generation ‘slaves of sin.’ According to this examination of the times of St. Francis early years, Thomas of Celano writes:

“This is the wretched early training in which that man who we today venerate as a saint – for he truly is a saint – passed his time from childhood and miserably wasted and squandered his time almost up to the twenty-fifth year of his life. Maliciously advancing beyond all of his peers in vanities, he proved himself a more excessive inciter of evil and a zealous imitator of foolishness.” Thomas of Celano

St. Francis of Assisi’s Vain and Naïve Youth

His father was a cloth-maker by trade and very wealthy. Throughout his youth, St. Francis saw no problem with this situation. He followed the ways of his friends in attending to drinking in bars and disrespecting women – with the exception of one – Clare.

Clare and Francis were friends from an early age and would together become one of the most holy duos in Christian history.

St. Francis of Assisi’s Call to War

When the freedom of Assisi was threatened by the usual aristocracy, St. Francis gathered his friends and convinced them that they must fight for their

freedoms. In his naiveté, he felt very proud and full – even bringing into the battle a young boy who had not even reached the age of majority. But he felt so certain of his cause that there was no stopping his conviction, and he was so popular amongst his friends, that they all followed him into what would become an unsuccessful, bloody and horrific war.

St. Francis of Assisi's Conversion Began on a Battlefield

Watching many die senselessly and horribly on the battlefield, St. Francis's conversion began – but would not come to completion for quite some time – on that battlefield. He realized that he had made a profound error in judgment and many people had died because of it.

Perhaps only by the grace of God, the majority of his loyal friends survived their injuries. But St. Francis was presumed dead.

St. Francis of Assisi Spends Years in Prison

The Sordid Fruits of War

St. Francis of Assisi underwent profound hardship and suffering to come by his conversion.

Taken as a prisoner of war, St. Francis of Assisi was thrust into a horrifying dungeon with others who had

fought in the battles, but also many who had been there for years.

St. Francis of Assisi's Cellmate

Very injured upon arrival, St. Francis of Assisi had a cellmate whose name is still unknown. But without this man, Francesco would have remained and died a naïve and stupid young man.

Instead, this anonymous saint had hidden a copy of the Holy Bible within his cell which was illegal at the time. Nursing St. Francis back to health with the garments from his own body to nurse the saint's wounds, St. Francis only learned of his cellmate's secret book when the guards came to execute him for having it.

Before they arrived, he placed the Holy Bible deep within the bandages upon St. Francis of Assisi's ravaged body as the saint heard the refusal of our unknown hero to renounce his faith as he died.

St. Francis of Assisi Utilizes Scripture to Maintain Hope

Days passed before St. Francis realized what the old man had put deep within his bandages. But when he found it, he began to read it ferociously, memorizing the scriptures that contained the hope that would keep him alive in this awful hell hole where people died every day horrific deaths. As he recovered from his wounds, the words of the bible became

emblazoned in his mind and spirit and he knew them by heart.

St. Francis of Assisi's Father Learns of His Son's Survival

A couple of years passed before somebody who knew of Francesco's whereabouts was released from the prison. Immediately, he sought out Francesco's father and Clare whom Francesco had spoken so highly about. When they learned he was alive, St. Francis of Assisi's father took a journey to the prison to find his son almost dead – already placed upon a pile of bodies; worn, battered and weary from torture and starvation.

He took him home to nurse him back to health. St. Francis remained unconscious and incoherent for a very long time. It was uncertain whether he would ever be restored to health. When he did finally awake, he raved like a madman and his family didn't know if they would ever be able to have him back the way he had been before his ordeal.

St. Francis had gone through a profound change in his life which would manifest soon in his call to conversion.

St. Francis of Assisi Receives his Call

Illness Becomes Revelation

On his sick bed, St. Francis was called by God.

Still raving like a madman, the people of Assisi tried to keep St. Francis in bed during his recovery. But his call was to come in a 'voice' that spoke to him in his dreaming, that led him to seek out the sunlight and in what some biographers call the voice of 'love.'

St. Francis of Assisi hears the Voice

In a state of deep sleep, St. Francis of Assisi heard a voice. Thomas of Celano records the moment in the first written biography of the saint – by one who lived alongside him and knew him well.

"Who can give you more?" The Voice Said. "The master or the servant?" "The Master!" "Then why are you abandoning the master for the servant and the prince for the vassal?" And Francis said, "What do you wish me to do, Lord?" "Return to the land where you were born, and you will be told what you must do. Return home . . ." The words were harsh, but the voice was gentle, because it was the Lord's voice.'" *God's Fool: The Life and Times of St. Francis of Assisi*, By Julien Greenby

St. Francis Renounces the Wealth of His Father

In a frenzy of passion, St. Francis of Assisi took to taking the money from his father's coffers and distributing it to the poor and homeless people who lived outside the gates of their placid estate. But this angered his father to no end and led St. Francis of

Assisi and his father to a showdown before the town prelate.

In this moment, St. Francis of Assisi stripped himself of all his clothing and gave it back to his father saying that he did not want it. He wanted to be like the poor in the street and the beggars.

It was at this moment that he left his home, his family and his friends and embraced what he would later call 'Lady Poverty.' He esteemed 'Lady Poverty' above all else, and never strayed from that path from that moment forward.

The Prayer of St. Francis

The Prayer of St. Francis sums up the life he then began to lead and followed throughout his life:

"Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace.
 Where there is hatred let me sow love.
 Where there is injury, pardon.
 Where there is doubt, faith.
 Where there is despair, hope.
 Where there is darkness, light.
 And where there is sadness, joy.
 Oh Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
 To be consoled, as to console;
 To be understood, as to understand;
 To be loved, as to love;
 For it is in giving that we receive;
 It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
 And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."
 St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis of Assisi Embraces Asceticism

A Rich Man Chooses Poverty

Having lived a life of profound opulence, St. Francis of Assisi gave it all up to beg on the streets.

Attaining for himself a simple and much worn frock, St. Francis ventured off into the wilderness at the time. He lived off of the land, ate only what the Lord provided either through almsgiving of others or the berries of the field.

St. Francis of Assisi Embraces 'Lady Poverty'

In his search for peace and this higher truth that he felt for a moment in his vision of God, he became very close to nature, the animals, the plants and even the elements and the seasons. St. Francis of Assisi was alone now, living off the land and seeking God in the simple beauty of the world around him.

War had tarnished his view of humanity forever. He felt that there must be a better way, and he felt that only in relinquishing all worldly goods could a man find peace and almost in a sense lose the madness.

'Lady Poverty' becomes St. Francis of Assisi's Bride

He had often spoken of how when he got married he would choose the most beautiful and worthy bride to

be his wife. At the time, no one knew that in his holy madness he was referring to his love of 'Lady Poverty' which was the name he gave to the state of life he had chosen.

'Lady Poverty' was the most beautiful thing to St. Francis of Assisi, and as the years would go by, it became absolutely vital to him to live in complete poverty at all times. Once he had embraced her as his bride, he never wavered in his entire life.

The Holy Gospels and 'Lady Poverty'

'Lady Poverty' represented to St. Francis of Assisi the pure and unsullied path the gospels laid out for all Christians. And though many told him it was impossible to live this way, he never accepted that as being true. And somehow, he had the interior discipline to weather and accept all manner of hardship brought on by nature and all the elements around him, including hunger, thirst and lack of shelter.

In the accounts of St. Francis of Assisi's life, it was said of him that he would become like an angel when he spoke of 'Lady Poverty.'

'The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty'

St. Francis of Assisi so loved 'Lady Poverty' that he wrote about it in a document entitled *'The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty'* wherein

he has a discussion with his bride about her immense beauty to the Lord:

“How great must be your dignity, then, and how beyond compare your stature! He left behind all the ranks of angels and the immense powers – of which there is a great abundance in heaven – when he came to look for you in the lowest regions of the earth – you who were lying in the mud of the swamp, in darkness, and in the shadow of death. All living beings held you in great contempt. All people ran from you and, as far as they could, cast you aside. Even though there were some who couldn’t escape from you, you were no less contemptible and despicable to them.” He went on to say, “But after the Lord of lords came, taking you as His own, He lifted up your head among the tribes of the peoples. He adorned you as a bride with a crown, exalting you above the heights of the clouds. Yet, even though a number of people, ignorant of your power and glory still hate you, this takes nothing away from you because you live freely on the sacred mountains, in the strongest dwelling-place of Christ’s glory.” *‘The Sacred Exchange Between St. Francis and Lady Poverty’ - St. Francis of Assisi*

St. Francis of Assisi Rebuilds San Damiano

God Speaks through a Worn Crucifix

The Church that St. Francis of Assisi rebuilt brick by brick still stands today in Assisi, Italy.

As St. Francis had come upon a broken down old church, he stayed to pray within it. He noticed near the altar a bit of shrubs that were covering something, but he knew not what. When he uncovered it, it was the cross of San Damiano which is so well known today. But at that moment, it was a unique and fairly worn crucifix done in iconish form with moments from the life of Christ painted upon it.

St. Francis of Assisi Prays Before the San Damiano Crucifix

St. Francis of Assisi took up residence in the old broken down church without a roof, with plants growing in the place where pews had once been, and spent many hours praying before the crucifix he unearthed under a pile of weeds.

God Speaks to St. Francis of Assisi Through the San Damiano Crucifix

As St. Francis of Assisi was praying one day, he had an amazing revelation occur to him. During his prayer, he heard the voice of God speaking to him through the crucifix. Looking up to see, the image of Christ spoke to him and asked him to rebuild his church. After hearing this a few times, St. Francis of Assisi realized that God wished for him to rebuild San Damiano, which had once been a thriving church but had been left to rot and ruin many years before.

St. Francis of Assisi Rebuilds and the Brothers Begin to Arrive

In response the call of God, St. Francis of Assisi began gathering one rock at a time and rebuilding the San Damiano Church slowly. There was a profound amount of work, especially for one man. But interestingly, something began to happen.

Many of his former friends had gone through periods of their own reflection. They now felt that St. Francis of Assisi was not crazy, but correct. One by one, they came to join him and asked to embrace the life of poverty he had embraced. Within a short amount of time, there were ten to fifteen brothers all working on the rebuilding of San Damiano Church.

San Damiano Opens for Mass

Despite the fact that the Franciscans had a long way to go before becoming an order, they were quickly drawing members from many different areas. When the San Damiano Church was complete, St. Francis of Assisi went to a childhood friend of his who had become a priest and begged of him to celebrate a Mass at the new – but old – church. Hesitant to accept his wishes because the brothers were still considered a rogue order, he wasn't sure if he'd come. But all the brothers who had joined St. Francis of Assisi to build the church went door to door in Assisi announcing that the first Mass would be held and that ALL were welcome. The street people, the lepers – everybody was invited to attend.

And at the last minute, St. Francis of Assisi's friend arrived and happily celebrated the first Mass at the newly restored San Damiano Church. Although it appeared that no one might come, at the last minute, a host of people came – mostly the poor and the church was filled.

St. Francis of Assisi Sees the Pope

An Unexpected Revelation

When St. Francis of Assisi went to see the Pope, he was not greeted with enthusiasm.

After realizing that without the Pope's approval, the order that had just begun could not continue in concert with the Magisterium of the Church, St. Francis of Assisi boldly set forth with a group of his brothers to Rome to meet him. It was during this trip that he also brought his beloved St. Clare to the convent. She would later found her own convents who would become the Poor Clare's who exist until this day.

St. Francis of Assisi's Initial Reception with the Pope

Arriving in tattered rags and bowing before the Pope, all the Pope's legates appeared disgusted by their appearance. St. Francis of Assisi made a moving appeal to these men who were adorned with such

luxury and wealth. The Pope very patiently told St. Francis that he, too, once wished to live the gospel ideal when he was young. But realized it was not possible as he grew older and followed his path in the church.

St. Francis of Assisi replied that if we are to say that it is not possible to live the Gospel, then why do we have a church? Those present were shocked at his blunt and aggressive approach. But St. Francis of Assisi maintained his status, completely prostrate before the Pope on the floor, referring to him reverentially but asking for his blessing upon their order. The Pope stood up and walked out.

The Cardinals and Bishops had made their objections known to the Pope about the order and he played devil's advocate again and asked, "How will you live? What will you live on without money?" To which St. Francis of Assisi replied, "Lord, I leave it to my Lord Jesus Christ. If he has promised to give us eternal life, he will certainly not deny us, when the time comes, the indispensable necessities for our material life on this earth." The Pope excused him and told him to come back only if he had a sensible plan for his order.

St. Francis of Assisi's Parable and Second Reception with the Pope

St. Francis returned the next day and told the Pope a parable that he had been inspired to share. A rich king had married a very beautiful but poor woman in the desert who had given him many children, but she

had stayed in the desert. When the sons grew up, they complained that they had nothing to her reply that they were sons of a king and if they needed something they should go to him and ask. Going to the palace of the king, he was stricken by how glorious these sons appeared and asked them where they had come from and who they were. They replied that they were the sons of the poor woman in the desert to which the king said, "Have no fear, you are my sons. Those who are nothing to me are nourished at my table, all the more reason why I shall take care of you."

Francis concluded his story by saying, "There is no danger that the sons and heirs of the eternal king will die of hunger, for the king in the parable was Christ, who would provide for everything; and it was he, Francis, who had given birth to them."

Silence pervaded the Cathedral hall.

The Pope Speaks of a Dream

Walking towards the man covered in mud lying prostrate on the floor before him, Pope Innocent IIIrd looked him straight in the eye and related a dream he had the night before which he shared had left him feeling disquieted. Sleeping on a bed, he saw himself with a tiara on his head. The Lateran Basilica, a church, was tilted to one particular side at an angle, dangerously close to collapse. But in his dream, a little beggar, a monk, leaned against the pillars of the church with his shoulder. And this little mud-covered man wearing rags held up the Church and kept it

from collapsing. The man, Pope Innocent IIIrd said, was Francis.

Historical Differences

According to St. Bonaventure's account, the Pope approved the Franciscan order at that moment, although there are other accounts which say there was a delay. But in popular stories, St. Francis left Rome as the new founder of the Franciscan Order of the Lesser Brothers.

The Canticle of the Creatures

The Order of Franciscans is Approved

After leaving Rome with the approval of the Pope, St. Francis of Assisi recited the Canticle of the Creatures surrounded by birds and animals.

Legends tell us that St. Francis of Assisi wandered off into a tree and began to sing this canticle as birds swarmed towards him and began singing with him. History says this canticle developed more gradually in a cycle of three stages.

The Canticle of the Creatures of St. Francis of Assisi

"Most High, all-powerful, good Lord
Yours are the praises, the glory, and the honour, and
all blessing,

To you alone, Most High, do they belong,
 And no human is worthy to mention your name.
 Praised be You, my Lord, with all Your creatures,
 Especially Sir Brother Sun
 Who is the day and through whom You give us light.
 And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor;
 And bears a likeness of You, Most High One.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and
 the stars,
 In heaven You formed them clear and precious and
 beautiful.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Wind,
 And through the air, cloudy and serene, and every
 kind of weather,
 Through whom You give sustenance to Your
 creatures.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Water,
 Who is very useful and humble and precious and
 chaste.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Fire,
 Through whom You light the night,
 And he is beautiful and playful and robust and
 strong.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Mother
 Earth,
 Who sustains and governs us,
 And who produces various fruit with colored flowers
 and herbs.
 Praised be You, my Lord, through those who give
 pardon for Your love,
 And bear infirmity and tribulation.
 Blessed are those who endure in peace
 For by You, Most High, shall they be crowned.

Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Bodily
 Death,
 From whom no one living can escape.
 Woe to those who die in mortal sin.
 Blessed are those whom death will find in Your most
 holy will,
 For the second death shall do them no harm.
 Praise and bless my Lord and give Him thanks
 and serve Him with great humility."
The Canticle of the Creatures – By St. Francis of Assisi

The Canticle of the Sun

A Praise to Creation

Next only to the Canticle of the Creatures in popularity, this Canticle is the second most well-known of the writings of St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis of Assisi was known to just shout out praises to the Lord as he walked the fields, traveled to and fro and worked in building the San Damiano church. The Canticle of the Sun became one of the more popular of these spontaneous recitals.

The Canticle of the Sun of St. Francis of Assisi

“Most high, omnipotent, good Lord, to thee,
 All glory, honor, praise, and blessing be.
 Thou only art deserving of the same;
 No man is worthy to pronounce thy name.

Praised be my God for creatures, every one;

And praised be thou, my Lord, for Brother Sun,
 Thy gift to us that he our day may light.
 Most beautiful is he, and passing bright;
 Radiant in splendor – for in him we see
 Displayed to us a glorious type of thee.

Praise to my Lord for Sister Moon be given,
 For all the clear and lovely stars of heaven.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Wind and Air;
 For clouds, and weather – be it dark or fair;
 For by their ministry thou e'er dost give
 The sustenance whereby all creatures live.

Praise to my Lord for Sister Water be;
 Most useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire, so bright,
 By whom thou dost illuminate the night;
 For he is lively, and most beautiful,
 And most robust withal, and powerful.

Praised be my Lord and God for Mother Earth,
 Who governs and sustains us; who gives birth
 To all the many fruits and herbs that be,
 And colored flowers in rich variety.

Praised be my Lord for those who pardon wrong
 For love of thee, enduring sorrow long,
 Bearing their woes in peace – blessed are they!
 By the Most High they shall be crowned one day.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Death, from whom
 No living soul escapes. She brings the doom

Of endless woe to all who pass away
 In guilt of mortal sin. But blessed they
 Who die in doing thy most holy will.
 To them the second death can bring no ill.

O praise and bless my Lord right thankfully,
 And serve ye him with great humility.”
The Canticle of the Sun – St. Francis of Assisi

Legends about St. Francis of Assisi’s Canticle of the Sun

Some legends state that St. Francis of Assisi didn’t only recite this during life, but as he was nearing his own death in the bed of the church. And as he was reciting the Canticle of the Sun on his death bed, he stopped himself and begged to be returned to his rock that he had slept upon most of his life. He said that he felt complete disgust at being surrounded in such opulence and wished to die as he had lived, with his beloved Lady Poverty on his beloved ground looking up towards his beloved Sun for which had sung this canticle so many times with his brothers before as they walked through the fields and the flowers.

St. Francis of Assisi was a man of profound simplicity and poverty. Having come from great wealth, he had learned throughout his short life that everything that God created around him was beautiful. And he praised every part of creation in his canticles. The Canticle of the Sun is second only in popularity to the Canticle of the Creatures. St. Francis of Assisi died as he had lived, in poverty and in simplicity and still praising God and His creation until his last breath.

Miracles Attributed to St. Francis of Assisi

The Innumerable Marvels of a Saint

So many miracles were attributed to St. Francis of Assisi both before and after his death, that volumes have been compiled to contain them.

During the life of St. Francis of Assisi and even beyond crippled were healed, blind received their sight, those possessed were exorcised by his mere walking into the room, terminally ill people recovered, swellings went away, dropsies were cured, arthritis disappeared, paralyzed people began to walk again, lepers were cleansed, mutes began to speak and the deaf began to hear.

Some of the more Unusual Miracles of St. Francis of Assisi

There was a certain monk who noticed that Father Francis would leave the brothers in the middle of the night and come back later. When he asked St. Francis of Assisi about this, St. Francis told him never to follow him and that it was nothing he would speak about.

Despite St. Francis of Assisi's admonitions to this brother, one night he followed St. Francis of Assisi secretly outside. For a time, he watched as St. Francis

prayed in the woods from a distance and luckily St. Francis had not yet noticed he had come.

Suddenly, the most beautiful apparition appeared. The Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Lord Jesus Christ, and St. John the Baptist appeared in the skies above St. Francis of Assisi. He spoke with them for a while as the monk watched on in utter amazement.

But St. Francis caught him when the apparition was over and he was returning to his cell. Exhorting him to never tell anyone of what he had seen, the monk kept quiet until after his death when he revealed the miraculous incident he had witnessed.

Apparitions of Christ Amongst the Brothers with St. Francis of Assisi

It is also related in *'The Little Flowers of St. Francis,'* by Raphael Brown that when St. Francis of Assisi would stand in the midst of the brothers and preach, that Christ would appear among them. This was reported by many of the brothers who remembered this profound phenomenon.

The Apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul to St. Francis about 'Lady Poverty'

Praying at a Cathedral in honor of St. Peter and Paul, St. Francis of Assisi was entreating the Lord to give him the grace of Holy Lady Poverty. As he prayed with such fervor, an apparition of St. Peter and St. Paul arose before him. They told him that Christ honored his wish to live like the apostles in Holy

Poverty, and was so pleased with his request, that He had sent them to announce to St. Francis of Assisi that his prayer was granted.

St. Francis Receives the Stigmata

Only Shortly Before His Death

St. Francis of Assisi was the first person to receive the Holy Stigmata, the wounds of Christ manifesting in the flesh of another person.

St. Francis of Assisi was a radical saint. He didn't do anything half way or partial in any form. And thus, when he retired to the mountains knowing that he was ill, he went into deep and profound prayer.

St. Francis of Assisi Asks to Imitate Christ in Prayer

Unbeknownst to St. Francis of Assisi, Brother Leo had disobeyed some instructions given him to not pass beyond a certain point on the mountain where St. Francis was staying due to his illness. Brother Leo overheard St. Francis praying "Who are You, my dearest God? And what am I, your vilest little worm and useless little servant?" Brother Leo says he repeated these prayers over and over again.

"He looked up and gazed at the sky. And while he was looking, he saw come down from the heights of Heaven a torch of flaming fire that was very beautiful

and bright and pleasing to the eyes and that descended and rested on St. Francis' head. And he heard a voice come out of that flame and speak with St. Francis, and the Saint answered the speaker." *The Little Flowers of St. Francis* – by Raphael Brown

Brother Leo stepped aside because he wished to obey his Father in faith. But afterwards, St. Francis of Assisi found him and asked him why he was there.

St. Francis of Assisi explains What Brother Leo has Seen

St. Francis explained many lights that were given to his soul during this apparition. The first two lights consisted of the knowledge and understanding of the Creator and the other of the knowledge of himself. St. Francis of Assisi explained that he was taken into a contemplative state wherein he saw his vileness as a creature and his sinfulness.

The Lord then asked St. Francis of Assisi to give Him three gifts wherein St. Francis explained that he was entirely God's and had nothing but a habit. He explained to God that Heaven, earth, fire and water and everything in the world are from the Lord, so how could anyone actually give anything back to God?

In various symbolic gestures, the Lord gave to St. Francis the gifts which He wished him to return to Him. These three gifts were the Holy Golden Obedience, the Very Great Poverty, and the Very

Radiant Chastity which St. Francis accepted and offered right back to God.

Telling Brother Leo to never disobey him again, he said that God was going to do something to him on the mountain that the whole world would marvel at and he was not to come back.

The Final Prayer to Jesus which Granted the Holy Stigmata

St. Francis of Assisi, after spending many nights in prayer on the mountain, offered one final prayer. “My Lord Jesus Christ, I pray You to grant me two graces before I die: the first is that during my life I may feel in my soul and in my body, as much as possible, that pain which You, dear Jesus, sustained in the hour of Your most bitter Passion. The second is that I may feel in my heart, as much as possible, that excessive love with which You, O Son of God, were inflamed in willingly enduring such suffering for us sinners.”

Praying for many hours afterwards, he suddenly saw a Seraph coming down from Heaven with six flaming and glorious wings. It came close to St. Francis so he could see him up close. When the Seraph did this, St. Francis noticed the image of a crucified man. In those moments, he experienced what Christ thought, felt and experienced during the crucifixion and he felt profound grief for His suffering.

And in an instant, the Seraph struck St. Francis and he was immediately imprinted with the stigmata. The light from the vision was said to be so bright that

many people saw Mount Alverna aglow most of the night.

St. Francis of Assisi Returns to His Brothers

St. Francis of Assisi was brought back to his brothers as he was dying. He would not live much longer, but because he was the first to experience the phenomenon of the stigmata, people were in awe and amazed by what they witnessed. Many miracles were reported by those who touched the stigmata of the saint before and after his death.

St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi

Childhood and Lifelong Friends

St. Francis and St. Clare of Assisi were a profound duo in restoring the original gospel to the Church in their orders.

Both St. Clare and St. Francis were considered saints of profound sanctity. But ironically, it was St. Clare who probably led St. Francis of Assisi to his vocation even though once he found his way she followed him tirelessly.

St. Clare of Assisi was a Woman of Compassion

As children, Francesco and Clare both came from wealthy families, played together and grew up

together. Early in their youth, Francesco marveled at watching Clare wander off into the woods. He would follow her to find that she was going to the leper colony to tend to the wounds of those living there. At the time, this disgusted St. Francis. He couldn't stomach the idea of doing such a thing, but he continued to watch her go nonetheless.

St. Francis Comes Back from War

When the war came and Francesco was presumed dead, Clare mourned the loss of her very special friend. But at the time of his return from the dead, and after he had come through all the medical recoveries which needed to happen before he could again romp through the wilderness, he again followed her as she headed for her ritual care of the sick. But he began to find a yearning to help her, join her and he began to see the lepers in a new light. It was Clare who brought this charity to St. Francis's heart, but St. Francis would soon repay the favor.

St. Clare Becomes a Nun

Coming from a wealthy family, Clare's father wished her to marry into a good family and live a good life. But this was not her internal desire, for she, too, wished to give her life to God the way St. Francis of Assisi had done. She had to run away from home to attend the Masses held at the restored San Damiano Church, and in the end, St. Francis accepted her into his order, cut her hair and then personally – along with several brothers – escorted her to a convent to become a nun.

When her father caught up with them, he was angry. To this St. Francis replied, "Could you possibly wish your daughter a better bridegroom than Christ?" She had become a bride of Christ. And years later, she would found the Poor Clare's which were the sister order of the Franciscans who embraced the simple life of poverty as did the monks who followed St. Francis.

St. Francis and St. Clare were Eternal Friends and Both Profound Miracle Workers

St. Francis of Assisi was not alone in being a miracle worker. St. Clare is known for being behind innumerable miracles herself, and was spoken of very highly by her fellow sisters. She never complained of any of the austerities they had chosen, and embraced it with the same zeal as St. Francis.

A miracle is said of St. Clare that when marauding troops came to invade the monastery, she went into the chapel and took hold of the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament. Displaying it high above her head to the invading soldiers, they immediately retreated and never bothered them again.

St. Francis preceded St. Clare in death but throughout their lives they maintained their very close and profound spiritual love for one another despite only seeing one another rarely.

St. Francis of Assisi Dies

An Early Death

In part due to his profoundly ascetic life, St. Francis of Assisi took ill early on in life and died at the age of forty five.

St. Francis of Assisi started experiencing unexplained illnesses shortly before he turned forty years of age. His actual death would occur on October 3, 1226 when he was only forty five years of age.

St. Francis of Assisi Retreats to the Mountains

Realizing he was ill as he had started coughing up blood and had other symptoms which he had concern about the brothers seeing, he retreated to the mountains for quite some time. It was in the mountains that St. Francis received the Stigmata.

Brother Leo Comes to Find St. Francis of Assisi and Establish a Rule

The brothers were becoming worried that St. Francis would never return to them and his longtime friend and brother in the order, Leo, decided it was time to go up into the mountains and find St. Francis of Assisi and find out if he was alright.

What he found was a very ill monk lying in the snows, and he had just received the stigmata and was bleeding from his hands, feet and side.

The Church Tries to Take Care of St. Francis in His Final Days

The local bishops and priests wished to take care of St. Francis, because by this time his saintliness was well accepted and well known. St. Francis of Assisi had even had time to reconcile with his father over the years, and at the time of his passing there were already several thousands of brothers around the world who were joining the Franciscan Order.

As he lay in a very ornate and fancy bed, St. Francis of Assisi complained that he did not wish to die in such luxury. He preferred to die outside in poverty as he had lived. His brothers understood, although they wished to give him more comfort, they acceded to his wishes and allowed him to return to the austere San Damiano Church where he would speak his last words.

St. Francis of Assisi Asks for a Reading

As St. Francis of Assisi was now surrounded by a few brothers he chose to be nearby as he prepared for death, he asked that they read aloud to him the Gospel of John. In a moment of intensity, he asked all his brothers for forgiveness and gave his forgiveness to all those present and not present.

When he passed quietly during the reading, one of the brothers said that he saw the soul of St. Francis of Assisi rise over many waters straight to heaven. He proclaimed that it was like a star, but large like the

moon, brilliant like the sun and carried up on a white cloud.

*Fascinating Figures in World Religion: An Overview,
By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation, 2009*





St. Padre Pio

First Stigmatist Priest of the Catholic Church

St Pio, known to his followers as Padre Pio, lived from 1887 to 1968 and bore the wounds of the stigmata for exactly fifty years.

Padre Pio's Youth

Born May 25th, 1897 in a small village in Italy known as Pietrelcina, Padre Pio was born with the name of Francesco Forgione in a large and very poor peasant family. Eight children were born to his parents;

Orazio Forgione and Maria Giuseppa De Nunzio, three of whom died while still babies.

Francesco Forgione began having mystical experiences from early childhood seeing the Blessed Virgin, Jesus, St. Michael and his own guardian angels on a regular basis. This was so ordinary to him that he had conversations with them as if they were his playmates

Padre Pio's Call to the Priesthood

Francesco's parents realized his unique call when he was young. The family made the sacrifice of allowing the father to live apart from the family in Italy to work in New York City to earn the money for his education.

Ordained to the Priesthood as a Franciscan Friar on August 10th, 1910, Padre Pio soon became unusually ill and unable to remain in the monastery at Foggia (San Giovanni Rotondo). Throughout his priesthood, he would go back and forth from home to the monastery until much later in his life, when his health would finally sustain him remaining with his fellow Minor Capuchin Friars.

Padre Pio's Strange Illnesses

Padre Pio sustained mysterious illnesses involving nausea and fevers throughout his life. He would sustain fevers of 119 on a regular basis actually causing the old mercury thermometers of his day in the early 1900's to explode

Padre Pio's Stigmata

Padre Pio received the stigmata while praying before the choir loft. According to his accounts, the crucifix came to life as the crucified Christ, wounds bleeding profusely in what St. Pio described as "a terrifying vision." After this image of Christ disappeared, a seraph came towards him brandishing some kind of weapon like a sword. It came upon him and pierced his hands, feet and side, leaving him crying out for help on the chapel floor.

St. Pio was ironically named after St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order and the first stigmatist in Church history.

Padre Pio's Other Gifts

Padre Pio was known to have many miraculous gifts, among them

- 1.) A Mysterious Scent of Roses which Emanated from his Wounds
- 2.) Bilocation
- 3.) Miraculous Healings
- 4.) The Ability to Read Consciences in the Confessional

One of the miracles utilized in his canonization involved a young girl born without pupils and blind from birth, who although her eyes never again had pupils, was restored to perfect vision.

He was known for advice he gave to those who came to him regarding the avoidance of Purgatory and Hell. His life involved many austere practices similar to those assumed by the Early Desert Fathers in the *Philokalia*.

Padre Pio's Persecutions

Throughout his life, Padre Pio was persecuted by doctors and by the Church. For a period of ten years, Padre Pio was not allowed to celebrate Mass in public while the Church tried to discern if his stigmata was from God or the devil.

Padre Pio also suffered from violent demonic attacks in his cell wherein he sustained physical injuries.

Padre Pio's Death

September 23, 1968, Padre Pio died from complications of heart failure. Thousands flocked to see his body and still flock today at his tomb to request the prayers of this unusual saint of the modern day.

Fascinating Figures in World Religion: An Overview,
By Marilyn Hughes, The Out-of-Body Travel
Foundation, 2009

Books of Terror

Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think

By Marilyn Hughes

The Out-of-Body Travel Foundation!

<http://outofbodytravel.org>



Author, Marilyn Hughes

BOOKS OF TERROR - Evil Exists, it's Closer than you Think: The purpose of this journey is not to present a well balanced view of humanity, but to take you directly into the heart of only one aspect - the evil within. We make no apologies for this, as this is its sole purpose; to allow mankind to see that which lurks beneath hidden sin and thereby give everyone who dares to enter into these gates a second chance. What is this second chance? To see what sin looks like in its truth and allow another choice before it's too late for the remedy.

"The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Joseph Conrad: Under Western Eyes, Part II [12,000 Inspirational Quotations, Frank S. Mead] (Evil)